

THE UNIVERSALIST AND LADIES' REPOSITORY.

AUGUST, 1835.

FEMALE INFLUENCE AND DUTIES.

Original.

No reflecting mind, that has been an observer of society, will deny that the dispositions and deportment of the female sex exert therein a powerful influence; and that it depends in a great degree on them to give that tone to the morals of the community which is so desirable, and necessary to the harmony and happiness of mankind. Their influence is greater than is generally imagined; too little effort is put forth to increase its moral power, and too seldom do public teachers direct their messages particularly to them. Would that it were otherwise. The addresses to them through the various periodicals of the day, are in many instances so tinged with flattery, that they are more pernicious than beneficial. The minister of religion would address them free from this fault and be equally acceptable; his character and station would forbid his uttering aught but honest truth; and the earnest manner and kind tone of affectionate eloquence would add greatly to the force of the instructions, and the durability of their impressions on the mind. Coming too from one they highly respect and esteem would ensure the advice a candid reception and good treatment.

The influence of the female character on individual happiness, and all social prosperity is so great, that every attempt to render it more beneficial is praiseworthy; and much are the female sex indebted to those of their own sex who have industriously employed their time and talents to this end. He who attempts to extend the information of the female in the knowledge of her proper influence and duties in the several stations of Mother, Wife, Sister and Friend; and gives her hints of instruction to assist her in making that influence the more beneficial, and properly discharging these important duties, cannot be considered as engaged in a profitless task. The motive 'to do good' in offering to the female eye the results of much observation of domestic life and manners, is sufficient to entitle him to a hearing; and as the object of this magazine is in part to elevate, dignify, and ornament the female character, the design of the writer in occupying a portion of its pages, in addressing the female readers particularly, cannot be considered out of place. Their candid perusal of what shall follow is affectionately requested.

The writer has too much respect for your sex to insult you with flattery; he has too much affection for you to be severe, and would by no means willingly offend. Whatever sentiments he may utter will be what his honest conviction regards as truth, and, speaking in love, would offer them in sincere regard to your dignity and happiness.

Whenever the period shall arrive in which your sex shall take their proper elevation, and exert their proper influence in society; when they shall look with disapprobation on every deviation from the path of rectitude and virtue in those who seek their smiles and favor; when they shall look on the immoral of our sex as we look on the immoral of theirs, a mighty change will be wrought in society. Then will men discover that conforming to the precepts of virtue is necessary in order to successfully court your society and favor; and the plain, honest, industrious mechanic, will not be thrust aside to make room for the oily-tongued, indolent, dressy prodigal. Moral excellence will be the standard of adjudging the merit of every courtier; and wealth will no longer be a veil thick enough to conceal a character the most outrageous to decency and good order.

With the conviction that appeals to the moral sense and good understanding of your sex will serve to hasten on this wished-for period, we write. May the labor not be in vain, but be beneficial to both reader and writer.

When we look over the pages of history, we discover times when woman was the most degraded slave of man, and others, when she was an almost deity; but these times are past, and well for her that they are. Extremes are ever to be dreaded; and God made woman to be the companion, the bosom friend of man, to lighten his cares, cheer him on in the path of duty, comfort him in the hour of sickness and sorrow; and not to be either his slave or his god. The days of romantic passion are gone; the age of chivalry is past, when men threw down the glove of defiance and measured swords for beauty's smiles; woman is no longer an angel, but an earthly being. Men act now rather from conviction than from impulse; and though they do not worship, yet they admire and love as sincerely as the ancient devotees. Now the beauty of the flower is not so much valued as its medicinal qualities—the glitter of the casket is not so much admired as the invaluable gems within; and man seeks for a kind, affectionate and intelligent companion and friend, not for a pretty toy, a pleasing automaton.

It is by her intrinsic qualities that woman now commands respect; men seek for those who can teach their children in the way of wisdom, not in the labyrinths of fashionable folly. Let then your study be directed towards mental improvement and discipline; seek to win and hold, not to dazzle and create a mere momentary passion. Imitate the calm and softening beauty of the moon, not the blaze of the noontide sun.

It is in the domestic circle where the most powerful influence of woman is exerted; that is her

heaven-ordained sphere, and to make it a home of delight—the better place of earth—should be the acme of her ambition. On the culture of the domestic affections, depends, in a great degree, the public happiness; as they become destroyed or corrupted, the moral health of the community is tainted.

There is nothing that conduces more to improve the character of men in all that is kind, gentle and benevolent, than domestic peace, and there can be no greater incentive to virtuous actions. If we can render men exemplary at home, we shall do a great deal toward making them peaceful abroad; how much good then might woman do if she would strive to exercise at all times, gentleness, forbearance and patience?

If the truth were known, we fear that a great proportion of the immoral conduct that insults the good order of society, could be traced to result from family disagreements. And the close observers of men and manners have not passed over unseen, the unhappy circumstance that many, both male and female, who are very pleasing, gentle, and pliable in strange society, are at home the most quarrelsome, stern and unyielding spirits imaginable.—Strange that we should keep our angry feelings pent up abroad merely for the sake of venting them out at home. The key to the secret could be found in our pride; we among strangers wish to pass with respect, and knowing that affability and courtesy toward them is essential to this, we are careful to keep taught rein on the irregularities of our tempers.

If we strove with half the assiduousness to please at home, that we do when amid social circles abroad, how much happier would be our firesides, and how much less would be the necessity of fleeing from thence to find enjoyment. Such is the nature of things, that the greater and better the blessing we are permitted to enjoy, the more bitter and sorrowful is the perversion of it; thus home is a transcendently good gift to man; there is a field of exertion where all the kind affections and tender charities of our nature may be exercised, and feelings of the purest and most permanent enjoyment awakened. But when perverted; when the members neglect their proper duties, and permit harshness, indifference and anger to usurp the throne of the gentler affections, then the solitary wilderness is to be preferred; any place is better than home.

Conjugal infelicity has shipwrecked many a gallant bark, and drove many into the whirlpools of dissipation. How diligent should we then be to preserve the most cordial union of feelings, and kind affections. No wonder that men become fond of the house of pleasure when a termagant reigns at home; nor that woman should become dispirited, and perchance corrupted, when in the heart of her husband there is nought but hatred and unkindness.

Let then the female exert her utmost to do her part in promoting domestic happiness. Let her not only guard against anger, but against coolness toward the chosen one; for the latter is often more fatal than the former to the peace of home. Anger is a quick flame, soon quenched; but coolness is like gathering strength to throw up a mighty work, and

when it bursts forth it assumes all the ferocity of the unbound torrent. 'Let not the sun go down upon your wrath,' is a wise maxim; 'Let not sleep your eyes close while coolness is in your breast,' is another.

Man is more a creature of the world than woman, and has many obstacles to encounter and difficulties to withstand, to which she is a stranger; and may we not say, he has more causes to excite and arouse his baser passions than she has? Woman should remember that his pursuits—the performance of his daily duties causes him more or less to mingle among different tempers, and exposes him to many rude assaults from contentious and quarrelsome spirits; he is continually amid contending elements and clashing interests, and hence his feelings become excited, his passions oft times aroused; or the losses of ill fortune, the treachery of friends, the villainy of deceitful men, may cause him to almost despair. When he returns home, the reception he meets with may have a powerful influence over him, either for good or ill. It may calm or add fury to the storm within; it may lessen or add fuel to the flame of anger; it may quell or increase the excitement of his passions. If he is sorrowful, it may scatter the darkling clouds, or it may gather more around him—may sink him deeper in despair, or make him forget his griefs, arouse him from his despondency and inspire him with courage to struggle on—fortune may smile and he again be happy.

'Come rouse thee dearest! from the dream
That fetters now thy powers—
Shake off this gloom—Hope sheds a beam
To gild each cloud that lowers.

The wished for goal—a guiding star,
With peaceful light will lead thee on,
Until its utmost bounds be won;
That quenchless ray thou 'lt ever prove
In fond undying wedded love.'

Let the wife, as she values the affections of her husband—as she delights in domestic peace—and looks for future days of happiness, guard against angry controversies. Let affectionate remonstrance take the place of angry defiance, and gentleness that of haughtiness and pride. Let a sharp eye be directed to trifles; great disasters sometimes result from very small beginnings, and the increase of anger is often like the cloud which the prophet's servant saw, 'no bigger than a man's hand, rising from the sea,' which soon overspread the heavens.

Were the subject explored, why some elegant and intelligent females are not more influential in the circles in which they move, the result would be that it is in consequence of their lamentable want of pliability—of congeniality and adaptation to the dispositions and tempers of those around them. If woman would make others conform to her, she must in a degree conform herself to them. Mutual forbearance conduces the most to domestic peace, and the most amiable and influential female is she,

'Who ne'er will answer till her husband cools,
Or if she rules him, never shows she rules;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humor most when she obeys.'

Some females are fond of exposing the faults of

their husbands and those around them; this is a mark of an evil mind; they should seek to gain the same disposition of the painter who in sketching a family portrait, drew only the right side of the face, because the other had a blemish in it.

Another disposition against which I would warn my fair readers, and plead of them to cultivate an opposite one, is that of those who perform every thing they do in such a mechanical manner, that every act seems to be the child of mere compulsion: an unwillingness, than which nothing is worse, seems to shoot forth at all times, enough to freeze any heart of warm and generous emotions. Refusal to do, is not more hurtful to the feelings of the solicitor, than is it to see his request performed with a frigid unwillingness. A wife of this unwilling temper may exercise prudence in the management of her monied affairs—her actions may never be at variance with decorum, her figure may be handsome, her features perfect, yet she will be far from being pleasing and lovely. She wants woman's loveliest, most amiable attribute, a willingness to act, a hearty good will shining forth from every deed, or performance; and when her husband is about to enter his home, he shakes hands with cheerfulness and sadly bids the bright eyed nymph farewell; as though the dove should have thrown away the olive branch ere he had greeted the inhabitants of the ark.

Why will not woman seek her own interest, and in doing so secure the interests of those with whom she is connected? Would she do this? Then let her infuse a cheerfulness of heart, a willingness of mind, and a lively spirit in all her actions. They are the charms that exalt her empress on the throne of the affections—it is these that cast a halo over the domestic circle, and make her a welcome guest in every social hour. Cheerfulness and kindness in woman, create charms where charms are not, and impart beauty to the plainest face. When the cheerful wife is the presiding priestess of the temple of domestic life, the husband will ever gladly seek it to pay his devotions there—yea, as eagerly as the wearied dove to the ark of rest. There the olive branch of peace tells him that the flood of toil is past, and the rainbow of gladness inspires his heart with joy.

But to come forth from the domestic circle into the more extensive arena of social life in the community at large. Cannot, nay, do not the female sex here exert a most mighty influence? Do they not possess means of rendering society better and consequently happier—of harmonizing and purifying social circles—expelling therefrom immorality and licentiousness? Yea, verily, she has an energy, which if put into vigorous operation would break down many of the barriers to harmony and diffuse a powerful spirit abroad of virtuous ambition and emulation.

It is in the social circle where much of this influence might be exerted to a good purpose. It is there where great deference is paid to whatever is advanced by the lips of the intelligent and graceful female: how important then is it that she be cautious what opinion she expresses, or what system she advocates and applauds! How careful should she be to frown upon every approach to irreligion, or unchasteness, and not let her smile approve the thrust at the faith of

the christian, which is often made under cover of some rude jest or innuendo.

In conversation, woman should take the holy word of our God and Father for her guide, and let it be as becometh the gospel of Christ. Say with the Apostle—'Our conversation is in heaven;' always pure, chaste, and irreproachable. 'Let your conversation be without covetousness,' says Paul; do not speak enviously, coveting the praise due to good and generous actions performed by others.

There cannot be any thing more odious in the character of a female than that trait which is too often seen, of speaking with the lips of detraction. Whenever any one is praised, or spoken of in terms of the slightest commendation, these detractors, true to the goddess they have chosen, always have something to relate in reference to the one commended that shall serve to lessen him or her in the estimation of those around. Detestable indeed is such a practice.

The modest female who at all times is guided in her speech by the law of kindness and generosity, is always respected and beloved by all who compose the circles in which she moves. Her eye is eloquent with benevolence, her features beam with affection, and her lips speak those words only that flow from that charity which is kind—thinketh no evil, and rejoiceth in the truth.

Conversation is the soul of the social world; it is one of the greatest blessings of human life. But the best things may be perverted, and the higher they rank in their original nature in the scale of excellence, the more bitter is the misery that flows from their perversion. So conversation when not directed by courtesy and kindness may become the fruitful source of unhappiness. The tongue then becomes a world of iniquity; an unruly evil, full of deadly 'poison.'

The solemn command of our religion is—'speak evil of no man;' yet some who boldly claim the name of Christian, are in daily practice of speaking evil of many men and women. And some—pious souls—think they have a perfect right to say what they please, that is not good, of any one who is not within the pale of their church, and there are many who have suffered from such unruly tongues, and can say with the king of old, emphatically:—

'I have been traduced by tongues, which neither know
My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doings.'

The motive always decides the moral criminality of an act performed. We may speak evil of another if it is a means, not an end; if we speak not for the mere sake of traducing another's fame, but in order to do good thereby. We are justified in the act if it is for the sake of public justice, or private reform; to vindicate our own character, or in warning to those around us who were likely to be injured by a concealment of what we unfold. If we are not influenced by any of these and their kindred motives, in speaking evil of another we are guilty of a crime the most destructive to the good order, harmony and happiness of society. And how many of the poor wretched victims of vice over whom philanthropy weeps—who are the inhabitants of the palaces of gross

licentiousness—how many of them can trace their downfall from innocence to infamy to an idle tale of calumny spoken by an evil tongue? Alas! he that has had an ear to hear the stories of wretchedness from those lost to virtue wearing the form of woman, can answer, A fearful number!

Let me as one that hath suffered severely from the tongue of slander, implore my fair readers to put away all evil speaking, and be kindly affectionate one toward another.

There is one other perversion of speech of which I would wish to speak gently and softly to my readers, not charging them with being addicted to the practice, but cautioning them against it, and imploring them to mildly reprove those of their acquaintance who are guilty of the practice, and too many guilty ones are there in the community. The folly to which I allude is that of profane exclamation. I have noticed it in some of the loveliest of your sex, and have deemed it then to be like a dark cloud quickly obscuring the beauty of the moon; it dimmed my eyes so that I could not possibly see their loveliness. Read the poet's words:—

'My God!' the beauty oft exclaimed,
With deep impassioned tone—
But not in humble prayer she named
The High and Holy One!
But in the gay and thoughtless crowd,
And in the festive hall,
Mid scenes of mirth and mockery proud,
She named the Lord of All.
She called upon that awful name,
When laughter loudest rang;—
Or when the flush of triumph came,—
Or disappointment's pang!
I thought—How sweet that voice would be
Breathing this prayer to heaven—
'My God! I worship only thee;
O be my sins forgiven!'

The practice here reprov'd is so repugnant to all that is ornamental and excellent in the female character, that I am confident that a few moment's serious reflection would teach those who are addicted to it the folly as well as wickedness of it, and cause them to relinquish it. May the holy and reverend name of our God never be breathed by any of my female readers, save in holy and confiding prayer, or in the holy hour of communion with sacred things. May the innocents around them never learn from their lips to profane the hallowed name of their Father in heaven; but may they be taught to breathe it while the simple petition to Him accompanies the name; teach them to pray, to praise, to adore, but O do not teach them profanity. Guard against idle words; thoughtless exclamations; and speak the language of chastity and truth.

Another folly which greatly detracts from the beauty of intercourse with the female sex, is the great prevalence of insincerity and affectation. We regard the definition given by Dr. Johnson of this odious folly, as being correct; he says—'Affectation is a perpetual disguise of the real character, by fictitious appearances.' And often we discover it counterfeiting those excellences which are at the greatest distance from their true characters; and as all hypocrisy is detestable they gain only contempt from the good mind, while were they to act out their true excel-

lences and aspire to and in reality possess those higher attainments which they affect, they would receive the esteem of all whose respect is worth having, and appear more, far more lovely in every social hour.

Nature is more beautiful than art; and the female who imagines that to affect to be what she is not will make her appear more beautiful, is guilty of as great a folly as the maiden who wished a correct portrait from the artist, but wanted blue eyes instead of black, which was the natural color of hers, because 'blue eyes are more beautiful.'

Affectation is the offspring of vanity. And to affect an excellence which we do not possess, is equivalent to acknowledging that we admire that excellence, but despair of ever possessing it. Let the female who aspires after respect and admiration from the wise and good—and what others are worthy of her notice? let her beware of that sin of little minds—affectation. Never can woman succeed in the art of pleasing with any save corrupt minds, who has recourse to dissimulation to affect her purpose. Truth and sincerity are amiable and lovely. Deception of whatever name or character, is hideous and disgraceful. Modest merit will never want for admirers; forward ignorance and impudence will never want for hearty despisers.

The rose or lily that nature has given to the cheek is far better than art can place there. The natural position of the features is better than the distorted mouth, rolling eye or affected airs. The natural tone of voice is more pleasing than the lisp of affectation, or the long drawn sigh of counterfeit modesty. Let her who would please—

Cast aside all affectation,
In all her actions be sincere;—
Scorn to stoop to defamation,
Praise when she can—but truth revere.

'Reverence thyself,' is an admired maxim of antiquity, and is peculiarly proper for woman. She must reverence herself if she would not forfeit all claims to the respect of others. She should foster a respect for herself that will not permit the slightest touch of impurity, nor any communion with unchasteness. Let moral excellence be the high road to your favor; let virtue be the best recommendation to your notice, and your sex will be more honored, loved and valued.

We pray for the era, when with the female sex, universally, the simplicity of truth shall be considered the most perfect elegance, and the gracefulness of true modesty the most appropriate ornament. Then will the female character be raised to its native dignity, and all social prosperity be greatly increased.

East Cambridge, August, 1835.

B*.

CHRISTIAN DUTIES.—NO. II.

Original.

'That they may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.'—Titus ii. 10.

WE are to consider the duty enjoined in the text, as it affects others. Our example will influence some one, and if we clothe ourselves with the spirit of the gospel, our conduct will be powerfully felt; but if we make a profession of the truth, and obey not its

requirements, we shall wound the cause of Christ, and prevent others from embracing the truth.

Our habits, passions, and conduct will have a salutary, or a blighting influence upon all with whom we associate. The Earl of Rochester was one day travelling in disguise, and he fell in company with a young clergyman. Among other questions, the Earl asked the following;—'Of what benefit is your order of men, the clergy? They cost the nation millions, and I do not see that they do much.' The young man replied, that he did not think they were of much use to the people. The Earl inquired why they were so useless? The other replied;—'The example and influence of our great men destroy our usefulness. There is the Earl of Rochester who is one of the most abandoned men in the kingdom. What can we do in preaching against wickedness, when such men are encouraging it by their example?' This reply silenced the Earl, and soon they parted. The Earl went to his house, the clergyman to a public house to rest for the night. In the morning the young man received an invitation to visit the Earl of Rochester. As soon as he entered the house, he knew he had talked with the Earl of Rochester the day before. The Earl addressed him;—'Well sir, what do you think to day of the Earl of Rochester?' 'Sir,' said the preacher, 'would to God I had occasion to alter my opinion.'

Our faith will be tested by the conduct of its supporters: and no man, unless far gone in the gulf of human wickedness, would enchain a system which led to crime and guilt. If we wish to lead men as willing converts to the truth, we must recommend that truth by a life of purity and holiness. When a man stands forth as the advocate of any creed, the inquiry is, what is his character? If he is a drunkard and wastes his earnings in the chamber of wantonness and inebriation—if he is a tyrant in his family—indolent in his habits—dishonest in his business and fraudulent in his contracts—is a bad ruler, and a worse subject, few would be willing to embrace a sentiment that produced such spirit. It does not alter the argument at all, that there are bad men among all denominations; the wickedness of others is no excuse for our sins.

And have we not suffered much from this source? Men have called themselves by our name, and have professed to believe in the doctrine of impartial grace, whose conduct would disgrace any cause, and make a christian blush for the name of his master. Thus the whole body of believers must be reproached by the evil conduct of a few depraved and unprincipled persons.

Let us all strive to do our duty. Are we masters? let us give to our servant that which is just and equal. Are we servants? let us be faithful and true. Are we husbands or wives? let us be governed by the law of tenderness and love, and be distinguished for all that is amiable and kind. As citizens and neighbors, let us be courteous, affable and generous; and as Christians, let us be pure, devout, and humble. Thus shall we adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour, thus show that we have been with Jesus, and thus prove ourselves a peculiar people, zealous of good works.

Hartford, Ct.

M. H. S.

THE PRISONER.

AN ENGLISH STORY OF THE LAST CENTURY.

Original.

'Man is to man his surest, greatest foe!'

Mr. Johnson, of H—, a small village twenty miles from London, had just returned to town with his young bride, after an absence of several months, during which he had been on a visit to his father's family in London, and introduced his lady to her new relatives. Mr. Johnson was a young preacher of the Unitarian persuasion, though a Universalist in sentiment, (as most of that order are in England,) and, on his return home, delivered his first sermon in a new church which had been erected for him. As he gave universal satisfaction to his congregation, he anticipated much pleasure in their society, and he resolved to take up his permanent residence amongst them. Not having a house of his own, he desired some of his friends to give him information if they discovered any retired and commodious dwelling, where he could establish himself, and pursue his theological studies, uninterrupted. He soon discovered that such a situation as he desired, was not to be procured at any price, for the influx of population had been great, and every house was occupied. He waited patiently a few weeks, when information was brought him that a family had just moved out of a large house in the suburbs of the town, by which several rooms had become vacant, and that, by immediate application, he might be able to secure them. He was, however, warned that perhaps he might not find the situation altogether agreeable to his mind, as many families had occupied those rooms, and none of them could be prevailed on to stay any length of time. When he inquired particularly into the cause of the removal of the former occupants, his informant apologized for mentioning such a foolish reason; but he said that the occupants complained of hearing strange noises in the night; such as moaning, weeping, and dismal lamentations, and that they had, therefore, very superstitiously supposed the place to be haunted. Mr. Johnson inquired if it were an old house, and, being answered in the affirmative, said the noises were easily accounted for without having recourse to supernatural agents, for that it was undoubtedly nothing but the wind moaning and shrieking through the crevices of the old building. He then inquired where the owner of the house lived, and was told that he resided in the other part of the mansion, that he was a very serious, quiet, and religious man, so that he need feel no uneasiness about living in the same house with him. Mr. Johnson then set out in search of the old building. It stood about a mile from the meeting house where he officiated, upon a piece of rising ground. It was built of wood, and was three stories high. It bore the appearance of being a much older house than Mr. Johnson had anticipated, and some parts of it were slightly dilapidated. It presented a front of six windows in a row, which were closed with blinds, of a dull slate color, and much broken, the hinges being rusty, and in several instances wholly gone. A clumsy piazza ran along, beneath the chamber windows, which, on account of the rotten-

ness of the wood, appeared unsafe to venture upon. Over the back door was a heavy porch supported by four large pillars in a state of decay. The yard was, however, pleasantly shaded with large trees; and the flowers of spring were just beginning to open themselves to the sun, in a fine garden, the beauty of which contrasted strongly with the gloomy appearance of the mansion.

While Mr. Johnson was surveying the exterior of the edifice, the door opened, and a man somewhat advanced in life came out. The lines of his countenance were hard and severe; his deep set gray eyes rolled incessantly in their sockets, and the glances which shot from them were almost scorching. He was dressed in plain brown clothes, cut in rather an old fashioned style, and he held in one hand a long hickory staff. He stooped a little in his gait, and his brow was furrowed with wrinkles.

Mr. Johnson stepped forward and saluted him. The other looked up, but did not return the salutation.

'You are the owner of this house, I presume?' said Mr. Johnson.

'They say I am,' replied the other in a caustic tone, hardly relaxing his pace, but looking keenly at the face of the young man.

'You have rooms to let, sir,' said Mr. Johnson.

The old man paused, and leaning on his cane, said with an air of great indifference, 'Yes, sir, I have one half of the house to let; do you want to hire it, Sir?'

'If the rooms suit me, I should like to bargain with you for the price.'

'Go and ask my wife to show them to you,' said the other, and moved on without deigning any farther notice of the applicant.

Mr. Johnson felt a little hurt at the conduct of the crabbed old landlord, but resolved to see the inside of the house, at all events. He knocked at the door, and a pale, slender female, apparently forty years of age, attended his summons.

This woman was taller than the generality of her sex, and her form would have been commanding, did it not appear wasted with sorrow or disease. Her countenance was peculiarly amiable, but her cheeks were sunken, and her light blue eyes were dimmed. Mr. Johnson thought he could even perceive the traces of tears on her cheek.

Mr. Johnson told his business, and she undertook to show him the rooms. He found that the inside of the house was finished off in an antique style, but the wood work was in a good state of preservation, and nothing objectionable offered itself to his notice. The good woman answered all his inquiries with prompt politeness; and, although her voice was low and mournful, affected a cheerfulness which he was certain she did not feel, but which excited his sympathy much more than a querulous and lackadaisical air would have done. Mr. Johnson then seated himself to wait the arrival of her husband. Mr. Loughborough, for that was his name, did not return in some time, and, in order to beguile the tediousness of the interval, Mr. Johnson commenced a conversation with his wife. 'Your family appears to be small, madam—there are none but yourself and husband, I

suppose.' A deadly paleness overspread the countenance of the lady at this common-place question, and with a quivering lip, she answered, 'we are all that live here.' Mr. Johnson immediately attributed her emotion to late bereavements, and said to himself, 'She has doubtless lost her children by death.' He therefore expeditiously changed the conversation, and was glad to perceive that the unhappy woman soon recovered her composure, although a cloud of despondency appeared settled on her pale white brow. At last the owner of the house came in. He appeared a little surprised at finding Mr. Johnson in the keeping room; and said something to his wife, in a harsh tone, about showing the stranger to the parlor. This appeared like a mark of respect for his guest, and Mr. Johnson thought, after all, the man might mean to be civil, notwithstanding the rudeness of his first address. Mr. Johnson bargained with him for the whole of the other part of the house, and signified he should take immediate possession of it. The old man signified his assent by an ungracious nod, and the former took his departure, heartily glad to escape the presence of a man whose looks he did not like, and whose deportment was overbearing in the extreme. He had no sooner closed the door, than he distinctly overheard Mr. Loughborough chiding his wife in the most severe manner. The young man felt very averse to taking up his abode in such a place, for there seemed to be an air of impenetrable gloom and mystery about the house, which might well have imposed on the terrors of superstitious persons. Mr. Johnson was neither superstitious nor timid, but there is a secret connexion between the external circumstances in which a man is placed, and the frame of mind, the train of thought, which he falls into. It was a cheerful religion that he believed in; he was the promulgator of glad tidings, and he would have preferred a situation where all that is lovely and beautiful in nature could be continually present to his imagination. He was a philanthropist. He loved to see mankind happy, and unless he could relieve them, he loved not to gaze upon sorrow and discontent. But there seemed to be no alternative. He had been indebted to the hospitality of a friend for some days, and was unwilling to encroach longer upon his attention. His young wife was strongly attached to her husband, and she told him where he was, though in a desert, it would be a home to her, yet when she entered this dark and solemn abode, he could perceive a slight shudder to pass over her frame. On the first night that they slept in their new habitation, nothing was heard or seen to warrant the reports which had been circulated concerning the nocturnal disturbances to which former tenants had been subjected.

This appeared the more remarkable to Mr. Johnson, as there was a high wind during the greater part of the night, and he thought that, if ever, then was the time to hear those noises so common in houses of that description. Upon looking out of the window, in the morning, he saw a wretched object under his window, in the form of a young man, apparently twenty two years of age, dressed in ragged garments and destitute of a hat. He watched the man some time, and, at last, saw him look up to the window,

and make several singular signs with his hands. He pointed out the miserable object to his wife, who at once said he must be deranged. Always alive to the sufferings of fallen humanity, Mr. Johnson remarked that the lad seemed to have slept in the street all night, and was probably asking for something to eat. The sash was raised, and the maniac was asked what he desired.

'You had better come out of that house,' said he, 'for there is no peace in that house, and never will be!'

'Why do you think so, my lad?' said Mr. Johnson.

'The death watches are clinking all night! There is no good happens to those who sleep there. Whoever goes into that house, never comes out. I was in it myself once, and what do you think I saw?'

'What did you see?' said Mr. Johnson, willing to indulge him in his whim.

'I saw a—a—but you wont tell old Loughborough, will you?'

'Gracious heaven!' cried Mrs. Johnson, turning pale, 'is not that Andrew Goodwin, the talented, the gay, and amiable acquaintance of your boyhood?'

Mr. Johnson was struck with the resemblance, but could not believe that in the wretched maniac before him, he beheld the most gifted companion of his early years, who had been educated at the same academy with himself, and who had embraced the sentiment of Universal restoration in conjunction with him, after a course of reading and indefatigable research, during which they had examined the scriptures together, and compared ideas with one another.

'No, Mary, it cannot be,' said Mr. Johnson—'I will not believe it;' but a faintness came over him, which showed too plainly that a fearful suspicion of its truth was fast gaining possession of his mind.

'Speak to him, my dear Mary, ask him his name, for I cannot.'

Mrs. Johnson did as she was requested. 'Is not your name Andrew Goodwin?' said she.

'No, that is not my name,' said he, 'I have got a new name now, that was given me when I was christened by old Loughborough. It is, "Heir to Hell, and child of unbelief." How do you like it? It is a long name, I like double names, don't you.'

'Tis he!' exclaimed Mr. Johnson—'tis the long lost friend of my youth! Oh! unhappy day, when I have lived to see my Andrew such a wreck! His noble mind is overthrown—his unaffected piety, his gentleness, his lofty genius, are all shattered in fragments by some awful stroke of misfortune! Would to Heaven that he could understand me—that I could make him sensible of the presence of his friend! But no—his eyes are gleaming with the fires of madness, and his brain is like a furnace. Andrew, do you not know me?'

'O yes, I know you well,' said the maniac peering in his face, 'You are the man that lives in the church o' Sundays. You tell the people there is no endless hell, and I believed so too once, and there was one that I loved well and he loved me too, and we walked together over the hills, and talked of God and Heaven, but he went away—far—far from me; and then the devil came in the shape of old Loughborough—I'll tell you a secret,' continued he,

drawing nearer, and speaking low, 'Old Loughborough is the devil, and this house is full of his imps, who prance and caper about, in the dark, from the garret to the cellar!'

Mrs. Johnson shuddered at this allusion to the character of the house, and, at that moment, Mr. Loughborough came out of the front door. He started at seeing Mr. Johnson conversing with the lunatic, but immediately raised his cane, and advancing to the latter in a great rage, commanded him to quit the premises without delay. The unfortunate young man looked up imploringly into the face of Mr. Johnson, which seemed to aggravate the landlord greatly. He was about applying his staff to the shoulders of the maniac, when Mr. Johnson cried indignantly, 'Hold, sir! do you know what you do? He is not a responsible being—he has done no hurt, and wherefore do you offer violence to the unhappy youth? For shame! for shame!'

Mr. Loughborough turned short round to the young preacher, and with a face working with all the worst passions of our nature, demanded what right he had to interfere. Indeed, so vindictive did he appear, that Mrs. Johnson feared he would attack her husband. The young man was not in the least daunted by this show of rage in the landlord, but coolly repeated his charge to the latter, not to hurt the young unfortunate. But Andrew had taken advantage of this diversion in his favor to steal off, and the landlord, after darting several malignant glances at Mr. Johnson, likewise took his departure.

Mrs. Johnson then expressed her surprise at the unreasonable conduct of Mr. Loughborough, as she had understood that he was a pious man, and held in high estimation by the Baptist society, to which he belonged, and of which he had been a rigid member, for a number of years. 'Were it not for that,' said she, 'I should hardly be willing to continue in the same house with him, for never did I see such a forbidding countenance in my life!'

After breakfast, Mr. Johnson went out to make inquiries after his poor unhappy friend, and to see that he had every thing that could contribute to his comfort; while Mrs. Johnson went into the garden to examine its beauties. While walking in the garden, she was joined by Mrs. Loughborough who introduced herself in a very lady-like manner, and, as is usual in such cases, a very brisk conversation commenced between the two women. Mrs. Johnson soon discovered that her companion was exceedingly well informed, and possessed a suavity of manner and goodness of heart which she had hardly expected to find in the wife of Loughborough. In short, she felt herself irresistibly drawn towards her, and a strong interest was excited in her breast for so lovely a woman, whose countenance bore the marks of deep seated sorrow. Mrs. Johnson wished it were in her power to sympathize with the afflictions of this excellent woman, and pour a healing balm into her wounded soul; but when she made the most distant allusion to the subject of her griefs, Mrs. Loughborough evaded all mention of them with the most scrupulous care, and the former soon found that whatever might be her sorrows, she could not undertake to probe them without being guilty of indecorum, until their acquaintance was

more matured. While they were examining a bed of carnations together, Mrs. Johnson accidentally cast her eyes on a spot where some pepper grass was growing in such a manner as to form the name of 'Catharine Loughborough.' 'I see that your garden is inscribed with the owner's name,' said Mrs. Johnson, carelessly.

'It is not my name,' replied the other, considerably agitated.

'A daughter, perhaps?' said the other.

'Yes, ma'am.'

'I have not seen her yet—does she live with you?'

'No, not with me,' said Mrs. Loughborough, and burst into a flood of tears.

Mrs. Johnson's curiosity was almost past endurance, yet she refrained from saying more on a subject which evidently gave pain.

'Can it be possible,' thought she, 'that the daughter of this unhappy mother has been the victim of seduction! Perhaps at this moment, the misguided girl is harbored in some house of vice, and is reaping the wages of infamy!' She then thought of Mr. Loughborough, and began to conclude that he was more to be pitied than blamed, and that his crabbed behavior might be the result of settled grief, preying upon the heart of an agonized father!

Mr. Johnson returned home in the evening, and as the air was cool, he built a fire in an upper chamber, and thither he and his wife retired to acquaint each other with their mutual discoveries. Mr. Johnson said that he had discovered the dwelling place of poor Andrew—that he lived with an aged aunt who was worth some property, but who was not able to pay much attention to her unfortunate nephew, by reason of the infirmities attendant upon old age. He was informed that Andrew was harmless, and therefore suffered to run at liberty, and it was believed that by proper medical treatment, he might be restored to the use of his reason. 'But,' continued he, 'what do you suppose is the cause of his present woful condition. It appears that Mr. Loughborough has a daughter by the name of Catharine.'

'Catharine! I know it—but, pray proceed.'

'Have you seen her then?'

'Alas! no,' replied she, 'but there is reason to fear that she is an undone creature.'

'I did not understand so,' returned Mr. Johnson, 'I hear that she is living with a relation in the country, and is on the point of being married to a respectable man.'

'It must be a mistake,' said Mrs. Johnson, 'for her mother burst into tears when I mentioned her name; and evinced a degree of anguish which nothing could occasion in a mother's heart, but the conviction of her child's unworthiness.'

'I beseech you not to mention your suspicions to a third person,' said her husband, 'for if they should be unjust!'

'I shall not be imprudent,' answered she, 'but I feel fully convinced of the truth of what I have said.'

'Unfortunate mother!' cried Mr. Johnson, 'and equally unfortunate wife! But to continue my narrative—it appears that our friend Andrew was enamored of Miss Loughborough, and she appeared to reciprocate his regard; when, suddenly, she changed her mind, and sent a message to him by her father, the

import of which was, that she desired to break off all connexion with him, and that she wished never to see his face again.'

'I do not believe it!' cried Mrs. Johnson with energy, 'young ladies are not wont to send such messages by their fathers. Was not Mr. Loughborough opposed to the union, himself?'

'Violently opposed to it from the first, because Andrew was a Universalist. He had previously forbidden Andrew his house.'

'Then,' answered she, 'you may rest assured there has been foul play in this affair; and, I suppose the issue of the business was, that poor Andrew became heart-broken and love-crazed?'

'It is too true,' said Mr. Johnson, 'and that may account for the moans and lamentations which have been heard around this house. No doubt, Andrew occasionally visits the scene of his former happiness, when others are in their beds, and here bewails his cruel misfortunes.'

'Hark!' said Mrs. Johnson, drawing nearer to her husband, 'did you not hear a noise in the entry?'

Mr. Johnson listened, and distinctly heard some person breathing hard near the door. The evening was far advanced, and he thought every person in the house was in bed, excepting himself and wife. There was no communication to the entry, out of which the chamber door opened, but by his own apartments and the great stairs, so that he knew no one could have come honestly so near his door, without giving notice of their presence by knocking. He arose and walked softly towards the door, laid his hand on the latch, and threw it wide open. But the listener had heard him approach, and when the door opened, was scampering down stairs. He seized a light and followed the retreating villain at a quick step. He overtook him at the bottom of the stairs. It was the grave and dignified Mr. Loughborough, who now stood exposed before the blaze of a large lamp, in his night clothes, shivering with cold and apprehension.

'Pray, sir,' said Mr. Johnson, 'are you in the habit of visiting your neighbors in that guise?'

'I have a right to go to any part of my own house that I choose,' returned the insulting eavesdropper.

'If I understand anything about the law, sir,' said Mr. Johnson, indignantly, 'when a man hires rooms, they are inviolably his, until he quits them.'

'I like to find out always, who I have got in my house,' said the other—'I want to know what's going forward. I don't know who nor what you are, and I've a right to find out any way I can.'

'I can give you references, if you desire them, sir,' said Mr. Johnson, with strong contempt on his features, 'but I believe I have found you out, without taking quite so much trouble as you have done. I am personally acquainted with Mr. M——, the pastor of your church, who, although he differs from me in some points of doctrine, is a gentleman that would look with horror and detestation upon the base act which you have to-night been guilty of. I shall expect an apology in the morning. Good night, sir.'

Mr. Johnson returned to his room, and, after having some more conversation with his wife, they retired. The former soon fell into a sound sleep; but Mrs. Johnson, whose nerves had been highly excited by the events of the day and evening, could not close

her eyes. She lay awake, thinking on all she had heard respecting the house she was in, until midnight, when she heard a low, agonizing moan which seemed to proceed from a great distance. She mustered resolution to lie perfectly still, in order to hear it again, if repeated. But all was silent, and she soon fell into a slumber which lasted about an hour, when she awoke. She then heard a long groan, which, although it seemed to come from a great distance, was too distinct to be mistaken for the wind. She awoke her husband without delay. He treated the subject with undisguised ridicule, and laughed heartily at what he considered the fruitfulness of her imagination; but, in the midst of his laughter, a smothered cry of distress, which came from the direction of the great stairs, caused him to pause. 'That is not the wind, neither does the sound seem to proceed from the street!' said he. 'I shall not attribute this to witchcraft, until I have examined thoroughly into the matter. It demands attention.' He then lit a lamp, and set the chamber door wide open. Again was a low moan heard, but the opening of the door did not seem to have rendered the sound any more distinct. He then took a lamp in his hand, and descended to the ground floor, followed by his wife, who was too much terrified to remain alone in the room. Another groan, which sounded as if it came from the very bowels of the earth, was then heard. 'Had we not better wake up Mr. Loughborough?' said the lady, desiring company on this occasion.

'I think not,' was the sententious reply of Mr. Johnson. He listened a moment, and then walked softly towards the cellar-stairs. He descended into the cellar. It was a damp, dreary place, that seemed never to have been used for anything but a receptacle of broken casks and other useless lumber. The lady shuddered as she entered the forbidding apartment. Large cobwebs curtained this darksome den, and as Mrs. Johnson started aside to escape a huge spider, she knocked down a barrel which fell with a crash sufficiently loud to awaken any person who slept near. Mr. Johnson paused to listen, and heard the rumbling of Mr. Loughborough's voice overhead, but soon all was silent, and it was evident the startled landlord had sunk again into the arms of Morpheus. It was now that the sighs of some person apparently in great distress, became audible, and the young couple felt certain that no ghost or warlock was the utterer of them. Their anxiety was intense. Mrs. Johnson's terrors were merged in agonizing interest for the sufferer. They continued to advance slowly over the fragments and rubbish which obstructed their way, until they reached the farther end of the cellar. The sounds of distress grew, every moment, more audible. At last Mr. Johnson espied an iron door in the wall. He pointed it out to his wife, who clasped her small white hands in silent horror. He tried to open the door, but it was firmly locked. All was now silent, excepting that they could hear some one breathing very hard, as if with apprehension. They spoke not. Indeed they could not. Their hearts seemed bursting with the greatness of their compassion, and the pain of their disappointment. At length Mrs. Johnson whispered that she thought the key of their chamber would fit the lock. 'Bless thee for the hint!' cried her husband, clasping her in his arms; but

quickly leaving her, he retraced his way silently through the cellar, and up the great stairs, leaving his wife, who no longer hesitated to be left alone, in the dark cellar. He soon returned with the key; he tried it in the lock; the bolt slowly moved back, and in a moment the massive door grated on its hinges. Merciful heaven! what an object met their view! A young girl, not over seventeen years of age, had risen from the bottom of the foul, unwholesome dungeon, and stood before their eyes—a picture of wasted, haggard misery which no pen could pourtray. She shrunk back as the light flashed on her eyes, and fleeing to the farther side of the dungeon, cried in tones that went to the hearts of the astonished pair, 'Oh! father! don't whip me again! don't! I will be quiet! I can't help groaning sometimes, for I am sick! oh! how sick! spare me this time, father, and I will never mention the name of my dear, dear Andrew again!'

'Suffering innocence!' said Mr. Johnson, in tones scarcely articulate, as the tears gushed in torrents from his eyes. 'Fear nothing, my dear, injured creature. We come to deliver you from the grasp of your unnatural parent.'

She raised her eyes and looked them in the face. She saw nothing but the tenderest compassion depicted on their countenances, and she felt assured.

'But who are you?' said she, 'and what good angel sent you here? Oh! if my mother had lived, this would not have happened to me.'

She was informed that her mother was alive.

'Oh! then lead me to her, immediately,' said she, 'for mother was always kind to me, and will not drive me from her; but when I asked for my mother, father told me she was dead.'

She was asked how long she had been immured in that horrid place.

She answered, 'Five months! I have not seen the sun in all that time, nor the face of any human being excepting my father. He shut me up because I loved a young man, but oh! I shall go crazy yet, for he has married another. Do you know who he has married?' Mr. Johnson and his wife exchanged glances at this additional proof of the heartless perfidy of the landlord; and assured the weeping girl that her lover was not married, but lamented her absence continually. Her transports at receiving this intelligence were unbounded. They now acquainted her with the real situation of things, and she was soon convinced that her safety consisted in her leaving the house directly, under the protection of Mr. and Mrs. Johnson. They conveyed the emaciated young creature into their own chamber, where Mrs. Johnson prepared water, and dressed her in clean clothing. Her back was discovered to be bruised terribly, and when asked the cause, she replied that her father whipped her with a rope whenever she made a noise, or mentioned the name of her lover. She had been kept on bread and water, and not half enough of that. She had not been allowed a change of apparel, and had been made to sleep on the bare stones in the bottom of the dungeon, but still she had persisted in her constancy to Andrew, although her father told her that as soon as she renounced him, she should have her liberty. She had strongly doubted the story of his marriage, until very lately, when her father

brought her a piece of cake which he said the bride had sent her!

Having been equipped for travelling, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson set out with their young charge, and conveyed her to the house of an acquaintance where they left her. Early on the next morning, Mr. Johnson went to the house with an officer for the purpose of seizing the unnatural father, but he had visited the dungeon, and, finding his daughter had been released, he had fled. Mrs. Loughborough then had the satisfaction of embracing her long lost Catharine, although so altered was her appearance that she did not know her when she first entered the room. Mrs. Loughborough was astonished when she learned the manner in which Catharine had been treated by her father. He had told her that he had finished off a comfortable room in the cellar, where Catharine lived—that her dresses and books were with her. Mrs. Loughborough said also, that she had been in the habit of sending good meals and even dainties to Catharine every day. All these things were found in a cask in the cellar, where the old man had emptied the plates, in order that his abused child might have nothing but dry bread and water to eat. It appears that the cellar door had always been kept locked in the day time, to prevent Mrs. Loughborough from discovering the situation of her child! But Mrs. Loughborough had mourned over the cruelty of her husband, even when the tenth part had not been told her. Whenever she begged that her daughter might be released, her husband would treat her with brutal violence. He had circulated a report that Catharine had been sent into the country, and, finally, that she was on the point of marriage, in order to blind the eyes of the public; and his poor wife did not dare to contradict the report.

Catharine now recovered her health and appearance rapidly. Mr. Johnson took it on himself to attend to Andrew, and his aunt gladly assisted with her purse. He was attired in decent apparel and introduced to Catharine. She received him with unbounded joy, and a change for the better immediately took place. He recovered the full possession of his reason, and became a distinguished man, and an excellent husband.

Mr. Loughborough fled to South America, where he died in a few years after he absconded, and but few tears were dropped to his memory. Thus proving the scripture true which saith, 'the wicked perish, but no man layeth it to heart.'

THE RESURRECTION.

Original.

'For Christ must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. * * * For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.—PAUL.

SILENCE reigns!—

E'en thought is hushing:

Angels' songs

No more are gushing;

Love has ceased

Its gentle lispings;

Breeze to breeze

No sigh is whispering.—

Time its end
Is meditating;
Death and sin
Their doom are waiting.

Hark! a noise
Like echoing thunder
Rolls its tones!
Earth shrinks in wonder.—
'Time, this hour
Seals your dominion,
Checks your course,
And binds your pinion.
Sin, your reign
Is passed forever!
Death, your power
Has ceased to sever.'

'Sound the trump!
Hear it ye mountains,
Ocean's depths,
And hidden fountains!
Hear it! grave,
For victims yawning!
Lo! it brings
You solemn warning;
From you is
Your sceptre taken;—
Hear it dead!—
In Christ awaken!'

Lo! they burst
Their deathful slumbers;
Lo! they rise
In countless numbers;
Thronging on
To Heaven's portal,
Clothed in robes
Of life immortal;
Shining hosts
Of angels meet them
And with songs
Of rapture greet them.

Tears are wiped
From every feature;
Gladness dwells
In every creature;
Not a heart
Is scathed with sorrow;
Not a brow
Doth anguish furrow;
Love unites
And nought can sever;
God is all
In all forever. D. J. M.

VISIT TO NAZARETH.

Original.

'He came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up; and, as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and stood up for to read.'

EVERY scene in the eventful drama of our Saviour's history, abounds with profitable instruction. Wherever we find him, we find a lesson worthy of our attention; and there is not an incident, however slight, recorded by the sacred historians, on which the contemplative mind does not linger in reflection, that begets beneficial impressions.

There he stood before the friends and companions of

his youth, in the house of God, where the sabbaths of his boyhood had been passed, and occupied that station to which he had ardently aspired. He came, after an absence of about a year—after having proclaimed the truth in other synagogues in the region round about—after having gained the friendship of many strangers, and drawn the band still closer that bound him to those he loved before. He came to the home of his youth, to preach the word where he had often listened to the counsels of the wise—the lessons of holy writ.

'He came to Nazareth.' He had taught elsewhere in Galilee; he had been in many synagogues; he had spoken before thousands; yet, he had not been home—he had not taught beneath the dome of that temple, where the first echo was made to the holy teachings of his parents' lips. He had not been where his own familiar friends—where his brothers, James, Joses, Juda, and Simon, and his sisters, weekly congregated. His heart yearned toward that dear-loved spot—the kind affections were awakened toward home, that God has wrought into the mind of every sensitive man, toward the place of his boyhood and innocence. And now, he had obeyed those calls of nature, and had come to Nazareth, again to offer himself up on the altar of devotion, a living sacrifice unto the Lord.

'He came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up.' What a crowd of mingled emotions must have rushed upon his mind at that time! He left there, an unnoticed, obscure personage; he had come back a public teacher—in memory's mellowing glass were pictured forth the scenes of early life. Imagination was warm, and creative, and bodied forth into seeming reality, the fondly cherished recollections of life's spring days—the time of hope, of joy, and of confidence; when life seems bursting in sunshine and gladness upon us. And when he who looks back on that blest period of life—calls up the thousand holy associations that gather around the genius of the past—dwells on the picture of early life, without deep feelings of emotion, we are apt to look on him as one destitute of the most refined feelings of our nature—of all sensibility of heart. For there is something in the picturings of past hours, on which to dwell, which yields to the sensitive heart pure joy—disrobes many a solitary hour of its darkness, and throws a glimmering of clear sunshine on the floating, gathering clouds of grief—it is imaginary joy—shadows of dreams—but what are all the pleasures of this state of being? fleeting shadows—soon passed. Happy are we, that, by the creative power of imagination, we can live them over again.

Jesus had come to the spot where every object and scene was familiar; and we deem it not a degradation to his exalted character, to imagine that he reflected on the scenes of his former life. We know that deep reflection, and intense meditation, were peculiarities of his character. Witness the record of his meditation in the wilderness, when he conquered in the great struggle between duty, and the promptings of mere selfish desire.

And that record is a rich lesson to the young—yea—and sterner manhood may be profited by reflecting upon it. And as it tells the story of high preparation for the station which he occupied—of stern and

holy resolve to adhere to duty—to rise far above the mean and sordid motives of selfishness, and with firm integrity to resist evil, and cling to good. And as we are confident that the height of human wisdom, is to gain a disposition of heart to constantly love good; and an energy of mind to govern self—control the passions and desires, and keep them under due subjection—while we are aware of this, and are contemplating Christ at, as we may term it, his entrance into life, it is no digression from our plan to give our attention for a few moments to a consideration of the temptation of our Lord.

This is recorded in the chapter from which we have selected our text; and passing by the countless interpretations that men have given, that have served, rather to make 'darkness visible,' than to give light on the subject, we shall look on it as a dramatic portraiture of the struggle between human desire, and duty. Christ was tempted, we are told, (Heb. iv. 15.) in all points as we are. And James tells us every man is tempted by his own desires (i. 14.) Hence in the record of our Lord's temptation, the Satan of the context is no other than human desire personified. Such is our belief.

Let, then, the lesson be deeply engraven on our hearts.

Jesus went forth to meditate on the labors before him—on the change that was about to take place in his condition. He was to leave his obscurity, and go forth as a public teacher—as the teacher of a religion differing far from that taught by the proud sons of learning—the doctors of divinity. He was brought up at the feet of no learned rabbin, and drank from no fount but that of eternal wisdom; and he knew, that for this cause he would be despised. He had dwelt in a proverbially reproached city—so much despised as prompted Nathaniel to enquire in astonishment—'can any good thing come out of Nazareth?' And his reputed parents were humble and obscure, and yet he was to go forth as the messenger of God, and change the religion of the world. Truly it was a time for deep meditation—for high resolve, and fervent prayer, and no wonder that he then withdrew from the busy world, and sought in solitude to commune with his Father and his God.

He wandered into the desert, and after long fasting, felt the gnawings of hunger; and while thus faint and weary, he was exposed to the temptations described.

First. He was tempted to exert power given him for high and mighty purposes—to use delegated power for the purpose of self-maintenance. It may seem a small thing for him to have wrought a miracle to satisfy the cravings of a hungered nature, but he felt that such power was not given him for such purposes toward self, and he resisted the desire so to do, and thus overcame the first temptation.

Second. He was tempted to descend, as if borne on angel's viewless wings, among the people from the pinnacle of the temple, and thus give them sure proof that he was sent of God, and gain from them an easy reception. This too he resisted; he was not to be thus received.

Thirdly. He was tempted to make himself such a Messiah as the Jews expected—a temporal monarch, a mighty conqueror over Roman usurpation, and

clothe himself with the glory of an outward king of Israel. But his kingdom was not of this world. His was to be a spiritual kingdom—his palace the human mind—his throne the purified heart; and worldly greatness and glory could not move him, or turn him in the least from the high and holy purpose of his soul. He smothered the momentary spark of ambition for regal honors, and worldly aggrandizement, and came forth from the trial like gold refined; and has taught us the lesson of truth, that true honor and greatness is in integrity of purpose; in steadfastly adhering to the promptings of duty, and the resisting of evil.

How full of instruction is this incident in our Saviour's history! And what a bright example for our imitation. We there see him impassionately meditating on the dangers to which he was exposed, and nobly resolving to lean only on the strong arm of God, and fear not what an arm of flesh could do. What a beautiful lesson of instruction to mankind, and especially to the young; those who are entering on the work of life, as Jesus was entering on his ministry. 'Entreat the younger men as brethren,' says Paul, and so would we, and affectionately invite them to imitate our blessed Lord.

How many temptations are strewn around the pathway of the young, and how many wear the smile of the rose, and hide therewith the poison of the serpent. How many are tempted on the polluted altar of sensual gratification, and at the shrine of unhallowed passion, to throw down all the bright and ennobling ornaments of the human character, and yield themselves up victims to corrupted appetites, and ruinous desires!

Too seldom, I fear, is the warning voice directed particularly to the young—too seldom are they cautioned against the allurements of the world, the temptations to vice, and necessity of sternly replying, No! to the first feeble proposition of the tempter—too much time has been wasted in warning them of imagined misery in another world, to the neglect of the foe within. They have been cautioned against a foreign enemy, the creature of a diseased imagination, while the fierce enemy within their breasts has been permitted to rage on in silence. They should be taught that they have no enemy so much to be feared as themselves. And nothing is so requisite to their future usefulness and happiness, as the control of their desires—the subjection of their passions to the intellect, and guidance of the moral law. Much good might be done by public teachers, if they would oftener, in the mild tone of affectionate solicitude, caution the younger portion of the community to 'keep the heart with all diligence,' knowing that out of it are the issues of life; and teach them what the world expects from them, and what they are to expect from the world. Let them know life as it is—neither darkened by the gloom of austerity, nor rendered fancifully bright by the pencil of careless gaiety—but a mixture of light and shade; of smiles and tears. Let them be assured that to succeed in life—to be useful, and to be happy, they must act upon the proper principle—firm integrity. And say with Job, 'Till I die, I will not remove mine integrity from me.' Then, though an host encamp around them, they need not fear.

I would that the solemn and important truth were engraven on the heart of every youth, that firm integrity is the elevator of man, and without it, man may in vain aspire after the highest dignity of his nature. Without it, the most gorgeous fortune and splendid talents, are but as ornaments of a polluted, shamefully desecrated temple. With integrity as our guide, and perseverance as our companion, mighty wonders can be wrought; but dissolve co-partnership with honest integrity, and neither genius, fortune, nor learning, can avail for the accomplishment of the great purpose of our existence. To hold fast our integrity under all circumstances, is to attain to the grand elevation of moral excellence. Thus saith the wise man, 'The integrity of the upright shall guide them.' They resolve

'To run this great career of justice—

And through the mists of passion, and of sense,
And through the tossing tides of chance and pain,
To hold this course unflinching.

O! that I could inspire every youth with an ardent love for religion and virtue—for the vivifying power of firm integrity—and cause them to resolve, with an high and manly resolution, to live the life of the pure in heart, remembering, that to be happy, we must be just; and as you love life, and would see good days, 'flee youthful lusts'—unhallowed desires, and bend every power of the mind to the attaining of moral excellence—the search after good.

When we look back on past years, how swiftly do they seem to have floated away, and now are like the remembrance of a confused dream. And when we endeavour to recall the scenes through which we have passed, what is the character of those on which we meditate with the most delight, and whose memory sheds a grateful fragrance over us? Are they not those of innocence, of virtuous character? and are not those hours which were spent in gaining useful knowledge, in performing the duties of our several stations, or in relieving suffering humanity, and cheering the disconsolate—are they not those that yield us the purest satisfaction, in recalling them by memory's magic power? If, then, such is the fact, does it come as an energetic call on us to be wise, and pursue henceforward the path of pleasantness and peace—to follow virtue as our guide. Why will not men learn from the experience of the past to rightly estimate the pleasures of this world, and turn into that path, which our own conviction tells us, is the only one that leads to the foundation of future permanent satisfaction—that will yield us pleasure when we look back, in time to come, on our walks? Let us then be upright. Seek peace and ensue it.

And as we contemplated the scene of our Lord's high preparation for the station he was about to assume, and there saw him nobly resisting the promptings of unbridled desire, let us be wise, and learn of him, to resist the first, however slight approach of the tempter, and venture not into the windings of the whirlpool, lest the curling eddy shall irrecoverably draw us down.

And who can estimate the amount of misery caused by inordinate, extravagant desires? In view of the proneness of man to extend his desires beyond the proper boundary, well might the ancient philosopher sum up his whole petition in the few words he used—

'Source of light, I only wish to limit my desires by those things which nature has rendered indispensable.' How happy should we be if we sought for the same moderation! and how many are rendered wretched by their eagerness after objects utterly beyond their reach; who, like the prophet's description of Nebuchadnezzar, enlargeth their desires as the grave, and are as death, and cannot be satisfied? And who are forced to take up the poet's lamentation and desire—

'Thou blind man's mark; thou fool's self-chosen snare;
Fond Fancy's scum, and dregs of shattered thoughts:
Band of great evils; cradle of causeless care;
Thou web of ill whose end is never wrought;
Desire, Desire, too dearly have I bought
With price of mangled mind, thy worthless ware,
Too long, too long, asleep thou hast me brought
Who should'st my mind to higher things prepare.'

Let us then apply ourselves to the moderation of our desires, and keep them within the bounds which reason and religion prescribe—let us study man—become acquainted with ourselves, the strength of our passions, propensities, and appetites, and bring them all under the control of our intellectual faculties, and the guidance of our moral powers—learn to gain the complete mastery over self, that we may control every power and disposition of the mind and heart, and not permit them to wander into the labyrinths of guilt.

Let us keep our mental eye on our bright example—our adorable master, and follow in his footsteps, making it our meat and drink to do our Father's will; and, 'what more doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with God?' May it be our ambition to obey the Lord's requirements in verity and truth.

East Cambridge, Mass.

MR. EDITOR—The numbers of the 'Infidel's Plea,' have been sent you at rather irregular and distant intervals, and they may probably be continued in the same manner. This, however, may be hardly considered as depreciating their interest, if they have any, as the subjects have been and will probably be, if continued, in nowise connected; and I should hope that on this account they will prove none the less acceptable to you or your readers. And here I would remark that, although 'Rhyme and Reason' are generally considered as distinct from each other, and incapable of union, I hope you and your subscribers will excuse me for endeavoring to reason in 'Rhyme.'

D. J. M.

THE INFIDEL'S PLEA.—NO. III.

THE RESURRECTION.

Original.

'The Resurrection! 't is the vain
Chimera of some witless brain—
Yet Christian, prove it true, and then
I will believe, nor doubt again.'

Thus speaks the man who doth decry
Religion, as absurdity---
Who knows than earth, no higher scope---
Whose grave's the charnel of his hope.

'Ah sceptic! fain would I illumine
Thy shrouded mind's cimmerian gloom,
And bid thy thoughts enraptured tend
To Truth,' replies his Christian friend.

'But tell me---whence came man of erst?
Chance, you believe formed him at first,
But I say God; however, we
In man's formation, both agree.

'T is well; and you believe, I trust
That man's original was dust;
Some chance assimilated clay,
Which Life took up and led away?

'And if this chance could thus create,
And weave for man a finite fate,
You surely would not doubt its power
Of granting him an angel's dower!'

'Admitting this, you see 't is plain,
That Chance can recreate again;
And thus the speciousness allow
Of what, as Truth, you disavow.

'This maxim, then should ever be
Impressed upon your memory:
The self-same power which did create,
Or God, or Chance, can renovate.'

D. J. M.

* Immortality.

MY CONVERSION.

Original.

'Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of
great joy, which shall be to all people.'

I WAS early impressed with an idea of the importance of religion, for such I conceived was a firm and practical belief, that God from the foundation of the world had doomed all to interminable woe, unless they repented and turned to him, and felt it an incumbent duty to warn others to 'flee from the wrath to come;' as I sincerely believed I had already done. Indeed, so great was my desire to see all choosing the good part, that I spared no pains in dealing out the full measure of wrath and anguish, which God in his righteous judgment had reserved for impenitent souls. But in spite of all my efforts, a careless unconcern seemed to have seized upon the flock under my care, and the hottest denunciations which I could shower upon them, served scarcely to prevent them from slumbering away the hours devoted to public worship.

Shocked at so much indifference on their part, I determined to quit them, and, as an itinerant, proclaim these 'good tidings' to all. During my travels, I was not unfrequently called upon to perform the last sad obsequies over some departed friend; and knowing how attentively mourners listen to the voice which tells of the future welfare of those, who were near and dear in life, I concluded that such were opportunities too precious to be neglected, of warning sinners to flee from the wrath of God.

Soon after forming this conclusion, I called at a house whose inmates were in deep affliction, for the loss of an infant, and to whom my sacerdotal appearance and habiliments made me peculiarly welcome

at such a time. In answer to my many inquiries, I soon learned the parents were out of the ark of safety, and pronounced their late bereavements a judgment from the Most High, to warn them of their danger; that unless they repented they must ere long wail with the damned, and that their lost one was now enduring agony and torture beyond description. 'Hold,' cried the weeping mother, 'is this good tidings, that my babe, so pure, so innocent, the being of a day, the idol of my heart, is now among the damned? Oh! God, it cannot be; I will not believe it!' Wondering that people could feel so indifferent with regard to their soul's salvation, I left the house, consoling myself that I had done my duty. Shortly after, I heard that a deacon near by, had lost his son, a gay, reckless youth, and knowing his family were still in the bonds of iniquity, I thought, surely, I should be the bearer of good news to him, if through the means of this dispensation, I could reclaim those who remained. I began by telling them of their danger, of the madness of delaying a preparation for death, as the deceased had done. 'Even your departed brother, were he permitted, would bid you take warning by himself, who put off the day of salvation to a more convenient season, for which, he now has his portion in that lake of fire which is never quenched, where in agony he calls for only a drop of water, and is denied! Do give your father the consolation of knowing that one of his children shall sing with him the song of "Moses and the Lamb," while the rest are wailing in despair.' 'Never,' cried the father, 'that can never be.' 'But,' said I, 'do you not believe these glad tidings are to all?' 'To nearly all, but God is good, and he will hear my daily prayer for the salvation of my own children: O, did I believe his wrath would extend to them, I would renounce all hope of a future world; for better to know we should altogether sleep the dreamless sleep of death!' 'Strange,' I mentally exclaimed, as I left the house; 'did I not know the deacon was very pious, I should give him up as lost.' Continuing my travels, I arrived at a village, whose inhabitants had been peculiarly blessed in all the good things pertaining to this world; but had never been favored with a special outpouring of God's grace. They had not even a settled minister, not that they would not, but because they had never found one to suit them; although some of the most strenuous supporters of John Calvin had repeatedly offered themselves, anxious to obtain the charge of a flock, which promised, if not a plentiful harvest of redeemed souls, at least of golden fleeces. Their constant answer to these solicitations, after hearing the bearer preach, was, 'Your doctrine will never cause us to love our enemies, bless those that curse, and do good to those that persecute us.' At this time, Death had been among them, and taken one of their number, a man in the meridian of life, a kind husband and father; a friend to the widow and orphan; an alleviator of affliction, wherever found; in fine, one who took for his guide the golden rule of doing as he would be done by. But still, thought I, one thing lacketh he! At the funeral I labored to prove how little the most god-like life would avail an unbeliever at the great day of accounts, when, instead of lessening the guilt of unbelief, it would render the punishment ten-fold more

severe, because unexpected. The soul of your friend, whose body now lies before us, could it speak from its horrid abode, would only substantiate the truth of this remark, in language like this:

'I vainly thought to appease the wrath of an offended God by good works; by feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and doing good to all; but beware of the fatal delusion. It is the rock on which I, on which thousands have split, and now my reward is found in the awful sentence—"Depart ye cursed!" To you, the partner of his bosom, he would say; "prepare for eternity, if you would not groan and writhe in tortures too horrible to describe. Oh teach our children the fear of the Lord, lest they be doomed to that hell where their father now suffers!"' Thus I attempted to awaken conviction in the minds of my hearers, but judge of my disappointment and chagrin to see many quit the house in evident disgust, to see the mourners weeping in anguish, as though they were on the very borders of despair, and strong dislike depicted upon the countenances of all. 'Oh thou perverse generation,' I exclaimed, as I left the village; 'the wrath of God be and abide upon you.'

Again, I was called to perform the funeral rites of a young man, whom I more than half suspected favored the destructive notion, that, 'as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.' The circumstances of his death excited a thrilling interest in every heart. Almost from his childhood, Consumption seemed to have marked him for its prey; yet, so slow and deceitful were its ravages, that his widowed mother had fondly clung to the hope that he might be spared her. But the destroyer though slow, is sure, and he only returned from a journey for his health, accompanied by his only sister, in time to receive his mother's blessing and die. He was beloved and respected by a large circle of acquaintance, who were present at his funeral. As usual, I drew liberally from my favorite fountain of eternal wrath, heaped everlasting woe upon all who remained in sin; but particularly that class to which I suspected the deceased belonged. Called them ten times more the children of Satan than common sinners, averred that they justly deserved and surely would suffer the worst punishments of the Almighty. I was suddenly checked in this career of threatening, by a shriek, which I can never forget. The sister fainted, and in that condition was borne from the room; while the mother wildly exclaimed—'Oh my God, have ye taken her also? Is there no hope? Father of mercies, spare them, spare them!' A silence as of death ensued; but a moment after, with the laugh of a maniac, she exclaimed,—'Oh my child, they said you was dead, and thrown into a burning lake,—I knew you would come to your poor mother!' and pressing her hand to her forehead, rushed from the room. After the services were ended, I left the place; but the scene I had witnessed, was indelibly impressed upon my memory, and even after retiring to rest, my mind was harassed with reflections too painful to allow of sleep.

How strange, thought I, that these 'good tidings,' which are for all, should be acceptable to none; of all the attempts I have ever made to apply them as a cordial in distress, none have been successful. Even after wearied nature had found relief in sleep, my

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

Original.

I WATCHED his breathing, faint and slow,
While by his dying bed;
And from his feverish pillow low,
I raised his aching head.

His brow, the wreck of youthful prime,
Was furrowed deep with care;
And Death, th' unsparing scourge of time,
Had stamped its image there.

Yet through its wan and gloomy shade
His beaming eyes shone bright,
As from the sky in clouds arrayed,
Gleams one lone star of night.

Fit emblem! mirror of the soul,
Confined to mortal clay:
But which must soon flee its control,
And soar to endless day.

IANTHUS.

COMPENDIUM OF A SERMON.

Original.

Thus saith the Lord: Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches. But let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise loving-kindness, judgment and righteousness, in the earth: For in these things I delight saith the Lord.—JERE. ix. 23, 24.

THE instability of human grandeur and earthly greatness is a theme upon which the wise and good of all ages have dwelt; and the theme is now as prolific as in ancient times. On the historic page, we find recorded the names of those nations who once existed, with dazzling splendor, but who exist no longer. We read of mighty kingdoms, of fearless warriors, of renowned cities, all of whom live only in the recording volume. And when in connexion with this, we look at the mutability of every thing around us, we must subscribe to the words of inspiration. 'The things which are seen are temporal.' Where now is Babylon, with all its glory? Go stand upon Shina's plain, and no Babylon is there! Where now is Troy, the seat of eastern grandeur? Where is Rome, proud Rome, once named the eternal city, whose foundations were considered as lasting as time? And where too is the city of David, the pride of the Jews, and the glory of all the earth? They are all gone! their glory is departed: the wild beasts of the desert lie down in their palaces, the owls dwell there, and the dragons cry in their pleasant places.

These reflections are suggested by the text, which speaks to us in the language of friendly caution, and warns us to beware how we place too much dependence on the things of time; and the reader's attention is invited to a consideration of the topics embraced in the text.

1st. Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom. The word glory signifies to boast, to triumph, to exult. Our wisest men know but little; and with all their acquirements, they are, comparatively speaking, very ignorant. Newton with his wisdom likened himself to a child upon the sea shore, gathering a

pebble here and there, while the great ocean remained unexplored. Wisdom and knowledge, like every other earthly possession, may be taken from us in a moment. The hand of disease can in one hour rob the wise man of all that he has gained by years of toil and hard labor; and the prostrating power of sickness, can level him with the idiot in point of intellect. Men are prone to be proud of their learning, and to boast of their wisdom, but let them not do this! Let them be grateful for all they know; let them use this knowledge to promote their own, and their neighbor's happiness, but, 'thus saith the Lord, let not the wise man glory in his wisdom.'

2. Let not the mighty man glory in his might. The greatness or mightiness of man, (what the world call such) depends upon a fickle, fluctuating multitude, who to-day will crown their favorite, and cry hosanna as he passes by them, and will to-morrow cry—'Crucify him, crucify him.' Nothing is more uncertain than human greatness; you can place more dependence on the waves of the ocean and the winds of heaven, than upon this. A few cases will be presented by way of illustration.

Paul and Barnabas fled from persecution, and came to Lystra. Here they healed a tripple, and the people of Lystra were very certain that 'the gods had come down in the likeness of men.' To show their reverence for the gods they worshipped, they brought oxen and garlands to sacrifice to them; but before the sun went down on that day, these zealous people 'stoned Paul, and drew him out of the city, supposing him to be dead.'

Haman was exalted, by Ahasuerus the king, above all the princes of the realm. He boasted of his exaltation, and gloried in his might; but soon he was brought low, and was finally hung upon the gallows which he had prepared for his enemy.

Nebuchadnezzar, the king of Babylon, was great in might; he gloried in his greatness, and boasted of his power. In the pride of his heart he exclaimed, as he viewed his city of splendor and strength, 'Is not this great Babylon that I have built for the house of the kingdom, by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty?' And while he spake, a voice from heaven announced the departure of his power and might, and informed him that he was to take up his abode among the beasts of the field, till he should know the Most High ruled among the nations of the earth.

Perhaps no man ever gloried more in his greatness than did Napoleon; and in no man's history is the instability of human greatness more strikingly illustrated. His career was brief, but brilliant, and he astonished the world by the audacity of his designs, and the miracles of their execution. He triumphed over the obstacles which nature threw in his way; thrones tottered at his approach, and Europe trembled when she heard his name—Yet he fell! he trusted in his own strength, and gloried in his own might, and his ruin was certain. On the rock-ribbed island of Helena he ended his days, with no wife to soothe his dying moments—with no child to receive a father's blessing. Then let not the mighty man glory in his might.

3d. Let not the rich man glory in his riches. To be rich, a man must toil long and hard; he must ac-

prive himself of pleasure, ease, and many of life's best comforts. There are some few exceptions to this rule, but generally speaking, a man to be rich must sacrifice his ease and rest; and if property is not fairly obtained and lawfully used, it will plant the possessor's bed with thorns, and fill his days with sorrow and woe.

And then how uncertain is wealth! It takes to itself wings, and is gone. Bad speculations will waste it as the early dew is wasted by the rays of the sun. The elements in one hour will spoil the labor of many years, and not unfrequently the thief breaks through and steals; so that the man who can command millions to-day, may be penniless to-morrow. Wealth will not ease pain, it cannot give its possessor soundness of body or mind; it cannot shield him from the shafts of death or add one moment to his numbered days. Then let the rich man beware how he makes gold his trust, or saith to silver, thou art my delight; for deceived is that man, 'who confides alone in his wealth, and boasts himself in the multitude of riches.'

But amid all this change and uncertainty, we are reminded of God our heavenly Father, who 'is without variableness or the shadow of turning;' and though commanded not to trust in wealth, in might, nor in wisdom, we are permitted to glory in God, and to boast of our knowledge of his divine character.

An acquaintance with God is represented in the Bible as something very desirable and comforting. We read that peace, salvation, safety, and, fulness of joy, are the fruits of such an acquaintance. And that even life eternal consists in knowing the true God and Jesus Christ his Son. On the other hand, it is represented, that despair, gloom, condemnation and wretchedness, are the bitter results of a non-acquaintance with God the Creator. How evident then is it, that the Lord Jehovah possesses a character mild and gracious, that he is a God of love? Otherwise an acquaintance with his character would be any thing but pleasing! If the common views of the Deity are correct, we should suppose the less we knew of him, the more happy we should be.

But when we know God as our Father, our Friend, and our final Savior, we shall be in possession of that knowledge which will make us wise unto salvation; we shall be strong in God, and in the power of his might and we shall lay hold of those durable riches and righteousness, which thieves cannot steal, and which canker and rust cannot corrode.

We derive this desirable knowledge from the loving kindness of God which was displayed in our creation, and in our redemption from sin by Christ our Savior, which manifests itself in all his dealings with the children of men, in all the desires he has given us, with the means of gratifying them; and also in the wisdom and goodness by which all things answer the design of their Author.

2. By his judgments, we can obtain a knowledge of the Father of all flesh. All his ways are judgment, for he is a God that judgeth in the earth. And nature corroborates the pleasant fact, which is brought to light by revelation, that the Lord Omnipotent reigneth, therefore the earth should rejoice.

3. By the righteousness of God we learn his character. His ways are just and true, and his acts are

righteous altogether. He is righteous in his favors and in his denials; in the storm and in the calm; in life and in death. All this loving kindness, these judgments, and this righteousness are displayed in the earth: and the word is near us on every side, for in these doth the Lord God delight. Let not the wise man then glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches. But let him that glorieth, glory in the Lord.

M. H. S.

Hartford, Ct.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.—NO. II.

Original.

THE next division of the qualification of the Sabbath School Teacher, is the acquired. This differs from the first portion inasmuch as that the first ASSUMES that the teacher understands or is acquainted with the truths which he is to teach, and is furthermore in order to make his instruction more effectual, to practice their principles; while the second, where the moral qualification only ASSUMES that the requisite knowledge is gained requires that knowledge. This branch of qualification may be divided into two main sections, namely, a correct and thorough understanding of the subjects generally treated upon in Sabbath Schools, and a knowledge of the best method to be pursued in treating those subjects, and impressing them upon the mind of the scholar; certainly two most essential requisites, in the qualification of the Sabbath Teacher.

I stated in the first number of this series that a portion of the Sabbath Teacher's duty consisted in teaching children Christian Truth. This, in fact, is the main object of his labor; for in teaching the Truth, he certainly and necessarily embodies in his instruction the principles of that truth. Hence it is not only requisite for him to practice its principles, but to understand them, and to have a thorough knowledge of their origin, nature, extent and effect.

What is Christianity, or rather Christian Truth? It purports to be a series of important facts, indispensable to the welfare of the world, and which it is of the utmost importance should receive universal circulation; facts, which if known and appreciated, will have a beneficial and renovating tendency upon the mind, and which, while they convey the most astonishing, yet most glorious and wholesome truths, are fully and incontrovertibly attested. Such is Christian Truth, and such are the fundamental principles of that faith, which it is the chief and most important duty of the Sabbath School instructor to teach his pupils. And the very importance of those facts demands that they who stand forth as their promulgators should be qualified, by an unwavering conviction of their truth; which is to be gained only by a thorough research into their evidences. And the more important the truth which is proclaimed, the more is the conviction of its soundness required. What should we think of a Mahomedan, who should profess himself of a sudden a convert to Christianity, and without in the least preparing himself for its promulgation, or even

for its professorship, by a study of its evidences, go on to publish its truths? I rather think that if we knew the realities of the case, we should not give much credence to his doctrine. Yet the case is almost exactly parallel with that of the Sabbath Teacher, who, without the slightest acquaintance with what he professes to teach, enters upon the duty of instructing children in Christianity. But such things have occurred, although fundamentally wrong, and cannot be too constantly guarded against.

Some persons, I have no doubt, have entered upon the duty of Sabbath school instruction, from the mere motive of being popular, or in the fashion, but such sycophants must be keenly watched; they are generally entirely ignorant of the great truth which they profess to teach, and of the precepts they inculcate, and will produce in the end, an effect exactly contrary to that designed by the duty, which, without being qualified for, they usurped.

The Sabbath Teacher must ever bear in mind that an immense responsibility rests upon him, and, that upon the strict performance of his duty towards his charge, a great consequence depends; and the absolute necessity of a thorough qualification for that duty must be manifest to him, if he is sincere in his profession and undertaking. And here I would especially urge it upon each person about engaging in this interesting work, not to allow himself to be actuated in entering upon the duty of a sabbath teacher, by any sinister motive whatsoever. A man must be sincere in his design, and philanthropic in his feelings, or he will never engage in this blessed employment with that earnestness which and which only will be productive of substantial and real benefit. We should never engage in any benevolent work from an impure motive, for such motives are an entire perversion of chaste and legitimate principle, and can be but instrumental of evil in some shape or other eventually. If any person then, feels desirous of commencing the labor of a sabbath school instructor, let him be prompted by those inducements which alone can bias upright principles, and let him prepare himself for his contemplated duties by understanding them, or remain where the sphere of his influence, and consequently mischief, is more limited.

2dly. A knowledge of the best method to be pursued, in treating the subjects which are taught, and of impressing the instructions upon the mind of the scholars.

This branch of the acquired qualification, is not absolutely requisite, nor can it be gained until after, the sabbath teacher has commenced his duty, as it is to be attained chiefly from an acquaintance with the various ages, capacities, and dispositions of the scholars of which his class is composed; and here the teacher is required to make use of considerable judgment. He is obliged to study his scholars separately, to gain a clear insight into their different characters, to ascertain their abilities for receiving and retaining knowledge, and take his measures accordingly. Some of his scholars are capable, by the possession of quicker perceptions, of learning longer lessons than others of the same age. Others are as capable, but require some incentive to action. Some, being young, require

a simplified method of instruction, while others, being more matured in years and in mind are capable of studying the more abstruse and difficult branches. Some are by nature stubborn, and self-willed, others easy and pliable in their dispositions; and to all these grades of disposition and ability, the teacher must learn to conform, and proportion his instruction and government. There are some teachers to whom this species of qualification may be somewhat familiar, they having had a portion of experience in the guardianship of children previously to entering upon a sabbath teacher's duty. But though their former experience may somewhat familiarize them with the government of children, it is, as it were, of not much avail to them in their present sphere, as probably their duty is now materially different from what it was when they were not, in the true sense of the word, Sabbath Teachers. Now, they have a class probably of seven or eight children, with whom perhaps they are entirely unacquainted, except by name or sight. And certainly former experience cannot essentially aid them there. The characters of those who have been under their care were fully known to them. But these are strangers. Their characters are yet to be developed, their separate abilities are yet to be discovered, and the train laid whereby erroneous impressions are to be destroyed, bad habits subdued and conquered, evil dispositions removed, and good traits of character encouraged and rewarded. And to accomplish this, time will be required, study of the separate characters and dispositions of each individual resorted to, and the desired end thus gradually effected. The teacher thus will be obliged to exercise some patience, in the attainment of this branch of qualification. But though this duty is rather arduous, let it not be considered in the least degree optional, and thereby disregarded, for it is on the whole the most important of all the sabbath teacher's separate qualifications. It is the only avenue by which we can approach the heart of the child and make our instruction effectual. We must study the disposition or we can never affect it, we must develop it or we can never study it. And the studies must be made proportionable to the age and capacity, or nothing can be accomplished; and we must ascertain the age and capacity, or we can never proportion the lessons and our instruction to them. It is then very evident that instruction will be of no avail except we know how to use it. And this knowledge, like all others, is only attained by study. The absolute importance then of this portion of the sabbath teacher's qualification, is plain and indisputable; and is the only method whereby the teacher can put into effect his instructions, and accomplish the end for which he aims,—the formation of the religious and moral character in his pupils. Let then this all-important branch of qualification not be neglected, for the more it is studied, the greater will be the success of the sabbath teacher, and the greater the advancement of his scholars in their interesting and important studies; and the more elevated the character of their minds.

I have now briefly stated what I consider the necessary qualifications of the sabbath teacher, and

in closing I would remark, that it may seem to some that I have placed the standard rather high. This I allow, but the qualification which I have laid down is no more than what a sabbath teacher will require in the strict and methodical performance of his duty.

But it may be again argued that allowing such to be the case, may not the necessary qualification be gained subsequently to the entrance of the teacher upon his duties? I answer no; for certainly he must be in some measure qualified for teaching, by a knowledge of what is to be taught, or he cannot teach. A sabbath teacher may improve himself as much as he pleases after having commenced his labors; and the more he improves himself the better. And so it is with prior qualification. The greater the advancement attained in that respect, the more easy will it be for him to improve himself subsequently, and the more effectual will be his instructions. And therefore have I laid it down as a rule, that prior qualification is necessary to the competency and success of the teacher, and the advancement of the pupil. But it may be again urged that many persons of good habits and disposition, feeling desirous of teaching in a sabbath school, will be debarred from that design by having the onerous burden of attaining prior qualification imposed upon him. To this I answer that whosoever considers prior qualification a burden, will also consider subsequent preparation a burden, and thus neglect his qualification altogether. But I apprehend that no person will be desirous of a sabbath teacher's employment, except such as may have attained a christian character, and practiced christian principles to some extent; and of course gained some knowledge of those principles and their fundamental truths. And such a person may be deemed almost or quite qualified for the duty of a sabbath school instructor. I think it must be sufficiently plain that prior qualification is required by the sabbath teacher. And while I speak of qualification, I would not by any means be understood as conveying the impression that perfection is requisite at first. Not at all! All knowledge admits of enhancement, and it is as much the duty of the sabbath teacher, to improve himself while improving his scholars, as it is to be sufficiently qualified beforehand in order that he may understand his duty. But I will say no more on this matter. I think, as I have before stated, that the subject is perspicuous; and, as I have advocated system, I hope system will be generally enforced and practiced.

D. J. M.

MOUNT AUBURN.

Original.

I LOVE to visit a spot like this, and there hold communion with my own thoughts. There is no place better suited for holy meditation, and mental prayer; where the mind becomes disengaged from every gross and impure thought, and the affections are insensibly drawn toward things of the better world. And what sensitive heart ever wandered through the fanciful mazes of this lovely place, that did not exclaim with

a beautiful female that once came a pilgrim there;— 'I would be buried here; it would be a soothing thought at the parting hour to know that here would be my last resting place. Methinks I should then hear the birds that sing so sweetly over the tombs, and taste the fragrance of the balmy air that floats around. O it were beautiful here to lie.'

This beautiful cemetery is indeed a place where the loved and sleeping should rest. To visit them then, would be a melancholy pleasure; for there is here nothing to cause that shudder of horror that vibrates through the bereaved bosom when entering the ordinary palaces of the dead. A soothing calm pervades the place, congenial to the feelings of the mourning heart, that sorrows for the 'too soon' departure of its companion. And while here we wander amid the graves of those who were our stars of joy, we do not feel that utter loneliness and desolation that destroys every pleasurable feeling, which reigns in triumph over every thought, when we visit the grave yards in the midst of the city, by the very spots where we loved, and were loved. Here we could come, as the mother visits her sleeping child, and hold communion with the holy aspirations of our hearts; look with the eye of christian faith toward the dim distance of futurity, and catch a glimpse of that meeting when we shall greet the loved of other days, as joyously, and as gladly clasp them in our embrace, as the fond parent enfolds her awakened infant, and in rapture gazes on its lovely features.

We rejoice, that amid the revolutions of this changing age, the respect ever cherished for the dead has not been lessened, but increased. If you wish for proof of this, visit the many beautiful burial places, in the vicinity of beloved Boston. Witness there the hand of taste displayed in transforming the lonely ground into a garden; causing the rose to bloom, and the willow to bend over the tomb, and many a rich and significant flower to deny its perfume to the air, and bestow it upon the lowly bed of the sleeping loved one.

Go to Mount Auburn. Does thy heart sink when thou enterest that 'garden of graves'? Does an appalling chill run through the current of life, as that which causes us to shudder when we enter where the uneven mound, the moss covered stone, the grass covered walks, and scattered bones, bespeak our entrance into a grave yard? No. All here is beauty and taste; and while we roam within the ornamented groves, and listen to the peculiarly sweet tones of the feathered songsters, who are so tame as to flit unscared around us, we are ready to open the door and call the sleepers forth to enjoy with us the beauty, and pensive pleasure of the place.

Blessed be the name of him who conceived the design of such a spot! and may the time soon come, when we shall no longer consign the remains of our sleeping friends within the cell of the church, where never foot treads, nor glimmer of light is seen, save when another comes to his home of horror. How can it be that mourners can follow their friends through lonely aisles, where the burning taper sheds a sickly unearthly light around, and there open the iron door, and leave their charge! How much better were it to bear them to sweet Auburn, and place them where the clear light of heaven would shine.

through the grove upon their tomb, causing one bright spot amid the gloom, significant of that blessed hope which christianity affords, that shines on us when all else is gone—all other hopes are dead—the glorious promise of immortality.

We hope the time will ere long come, when retired spots shall be chosen for burial places, far from the tumultuous noise of busy life, and the loud voice of merriment. When the ashes of one shall not have to be thrown out to make room for another, chilling the heart of the stranger, and causing to bleed with agony, that of the friend. Let our grave yards be like those of the ancient Hebrews, without the cities and villages; let our friends be buried in gardens, and under shady trees, where the mourner can come and find a spot congenial to her feelings; and not one that causes emotions that are associated with all that is desolate and agonizing. But let her come where the leafing tree, the budding flower, and singing birds shall remind her of the time when the dead shall spring forth into newness of life, and the song of rejoicing and of victorious triumph shall ascend to heaven; when released from vanity and corruption a ransomed universe shall enjoy the beauties of a beati-fied creation, lovely as when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. Amen.

B*.

East Cambridge, Aug. 1835.

THE COUNTRY.

Original.

PERSONS who are confined to the dusty streets of a crowded city, can form but a faint idea of the pleasures of existence, and the bounties of God, as manifested in the rural retreats where the unpretending swain sips nectar from the overflowing cup of bounteous nature. Oh! glorious nature! Mirror of God! how grand, how lovely are all thy works when compared with the productions of human art! How blessed is he who can steal away from the confused noise of busy men, far from the breath of slander, the voice of contention, and the boisterous mirth of the thoughtless, to walk in some sequestered vale by the purling streams, to watch the shining sides of the small fish as they roll them up to the sun—to hear the singing of the caroling birds, and scent the fragrance of the grove when it is dressed out with wild flowers, and seems to wear the apparel of a young and joyous bride! Let me stretch myself beneath some spreading tree, and listen to the sounds of nature. How sweet is her voice—how heart-inspiring are her songs. Afar off, in yon field, I see the red-cheeked plough-boy. No painful dreams disturb his repose—no harassing thoughts burthen his mind to chase sleep from his eyelids. What is the busy world to him! He grows up in the blissful ignorance of the contaminations, the vices and the follies of his effeminate fellow-creatures. He wanders over the meadows with his 'nut-brown lass,' who leans upon his arm and tells her tale of love—fearless in woman's purity; trusting in the depth of her devotion. How happy may they be, who are not too proud to drink the waters of bliss from nature's own rude and unsophisticated well!

LAURA.

UNBELIEF.

Original.

THERE are many persons, who, like Thomas, will believe nothing that does not pass the ordeal of their bodily senses. There is no future state of being, because they have never been to see for themselves. There is no Creator, because he never manifested himself to them; and there never was a miracle because they never saw one. I cannot but believe that this mode of reasoning proceeds from a culpable want of reflection. Without calling revelation to our assistance, or leaving the earth on which we live, to find an example, we may see a thousand instances of firm and unshaken belief, which have not been generated by our personal observation. Perhaps the reader has never seen an ostrich, and yet he would find no difficulty in believing that that bird has a heart, by the motion of which its blood is circulated through its veins. Perhaps he never heard any man say that an ostrich had a heart—and yet he would ridicule the person who should affirm that he had none. Now if my reader has never seen an ostrich, and has never heard any one declare that an ostrich has a heart, and still firmly believes the fact of his having one, on what is that belief founded? It will not require much reflection to answer that such a belief is founded on the fitness of things. All other birds have hearts, and why should not ostriches have hearts too? Perhaps the reader never saw a Chinese gravel stone, yet you could not persuade him that the stones fall upwards in China—because he believes that the attraction of the earth will draw a stone in China, towards the ground, as well as it will in Massachusetts, or the United States. If a man sees a grocer's sign lying on the ground, and a board covers one half of the letters, yet if the other half of them are exposed to view, he will feel certain that he sees a part of the letters which spell the word Grocery. The mere fitness of things, the knowledge of how things must be to keep up the symmetry of nature enables him to decide with certainty, in regard to things unseen. If a man were to tell you of a father, who entertained a strong affection for his offspring, and was to say that that man abused his children, beat them, and starved them without cause, you would know that his story was untrue, although you had never seen the man, and perhaps never heard of him before. The evidence of your senses could not produce stronger conviction, than would your moral sense of propriety and consistency. You would at once judge, either that the father was not affectionate, or that he did not abuse his children.

Perhaps the reader never saw England, and yet he would be willing to stake his life and his soul's salvation on the existence of such a country. Of course we never had any idea of this world, before we were born; and is it any more strange and wonderful that we should be transplanted to another and a better world, than that we should have risen from non-existence to live and breathe in this wonderful creation; that our eyes should suddenly open upon rocks and plains, groves and orchards, flowers and fruits? When we consider how extremely ignorant we are, even of the course of nature in some

of her operations here, we shall find reason to believe that there are wonders yet unseen, of which the reason of man cannot discern the depth and the wisdom. Who shall set bounds to the power of the great God; and who shall say what things are not? Creatures of yesterday, how presumptuous it is in us to bind the influence of an Eternal Being, to to this mere ball of dust! X.

TRAVELLING IN THE STEAMBOAT.

Original.

I EMBARKED at New York, in a large steamer, for Albany. I stood on the upper deck and watched the various groups that came on board; some of whom were wrinkled with age, and seemed to look about them for a retired spot where they could sit down and enjoy their own reflection, free from the glare of observation. Then came the bustling merchant and pliant shopkeeper, casting their eyes upon every thing they saw, as if they were estimating its value in money. The grave student and spectacled attorney stepped sedately through the gangway, and wondered the crowd did not make way for them. An aged spinster, attended by a younger brother, slid through the passage, and concealed her wrinkles with her fan.

A troop of young girls then came laughingly on board, followed by a lank booby, dressed in the height of fashion, and in vain endeavoring to overtake his lively convoy. An unwieldy dame, attired in silks and ribbons, came over the side next, and crowded into the lady's cabin. A neat young Quakeress, with rosy cheeks and dovelike eyes, timidly glanced from under her pasteboard awning, as she was led by her venerable father through the jostling crowd, and seated on the quarter deck. When the passengers had nearly all entered the boat, a lonely black woman, dressed in her clean checkered gown, humbly and shrinkingly bore her sick baby into the boat; as she stepped over the slippery boards which formed a bridge from the wharf to the gangway, no hand was stretched forth to steady her trembling feet. The same men who had deemed the other ladies worthy of three supporters, shrank back at her approach, and let her brave the danger alone, with her helpless charge—forgetting that she, too, was a woman.

The fastenings were cast off, and the jarring wheels were soon in motion. The decks were crowded, above and below; and as we cut our way through the short waves of the Hudson, every eye was intent upon the scenery which had not time to pall upon the sense, before it was left far behind, as I had so particularly observed all the passengers, that I had become familiar with their countenances; until about noon, when a boat was lowered, and some of them were put ashore at a small town on the banks of the river. Our numbers were now a little thinned, and we could move about the decks with more ease. I thought I would take another look at the poor black woman, but wandered about the lower deck in search of her to no purpose.—‘She went ashore in the boat,’ said one of the hands

of whom I inquired. When we arrived opposite Newburgh, a boat was again sent ashore with passengers; I missed the young Quakeress and her father. They too, were gone ashore in the boat. Time passed on, and I looked about me for a young man with whom I had conversed considerably during the voyage. He was missing. ‘Gone in the boat,’ thought I; ‘I had hoped to have become better acquainted with him.’ At table, I missed the large lady, and the young girls. Gone in the boat. In the afternoon and evening several stoppages were made, and passengers landed at Poughkeepsie, Hudson, &c. In the morning, I found myself surrounded by strange faces. Most of those who started with me from New York, had ‘gone ashore in the boat;’ and new ones had come on board by the same conveyance. ‘Alas,’ said I, ‘such is the voyage of life.’ We set out in high spirits on the current of existence. We speak and act as if we thought the friends and acquaintances of our youth, would always be with us. We see some poor object, like the forlorn black woman, into whose situation we intend to inquire. We put off the duty a few days, and when we look around to inquire for the sufferer, we find we are too late. She has gone ashore; to that eternal shore from which there is no return. We have begun to form an acquaintance with one of our own age, and are solacing ourselves with the idea that we have found a friend to whom we shall confide our joys and sorrows, through life. We look again—he has gone from our side—he, too, is now treading the shores of Eternity! We have long marked a bustling worldling, whose thoughts are bent on the accumulation of Earth’s fading treasures. We meet him in our daily walks, hurrying from place to place, with looks of anxiety and care—we see his shop dressed out with commodities from all parts of the world—we hear his loud voice on the exchange—we see his showy advertisements in the public papers—suddenly we miss him in the streets—his doors are closed—his name is never mentioned. We inquire where he is. ‘Gone ashore in the boat!’ He has crossed the gulf of death. He is forgotten. We observe a house where there is a large family of young girls. We see them dressed out in their finery, chatting and laughing at their windows. We hear of their balls—their parties. We leave the neighborhood a short time. We return. We note the silence of that house, which, a few years before, was rife with merriment and youthful joy. Where are the lovely inmates? Go to the grave yard—and count the mounds which mark the place where they lie!

Year after year passes away. We miss our acquaintances one after another. Familiar faces have gone from before our eyes. Patrons whose friendship filled our coffers—enemies whose threats poisoned our existence—patriots whose strains warmed our hearts—ministers of God, whose counsel saved us from the snares of the world, and kept alive the flame of devotion—all—all, gradually drop away—a new race with whom we are unacquainted, and with whose interests we have nothing in common, has risen up to look upon our gray hairs—we are all alone in the wide world—No, not alone, for God

and his precious promises are sufficient for us. Yes, he is and will be with us in life, and in death, and will cause us to be in his presence eternally.

M.

THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER, AND THE LAY PREACHER.

Original.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure,
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.—GRAY.

ON the rude and rock-bound shore of New England stood the hut of Roger Beaman, a lineal descendant of the first settlers, those iron men who hewed a path to liberty through the ocean, and placing the deep waters between them and their persecutors, sang the anthem of praise in the howling wilderness, and sent up their strong and ardent prayers to God from amid the encircling hills and savage forests of a new world. Yes, Roger Beaman was a descendant of those stern and enthusiastic settlers of New England, and inherited a goodly share of their frugal simplicity, not unaccompanied with a considerable portion of their uncompromising fidelity to favorite notions and principles. But Roger was poor, and he did not care to be otherwise. He liked not the innovations of modern times. He sought not to increase his store by combining with speculators, or mixing with the busy world. He lived where his father and grandfather did before him. The little enclosure where their bones rested, was in sight from his gable window. A few acres of land, in the rear of his dwelling, furnished him with vegetables, and the broad sea spread its ample surface before his door,—his live stock sported in its bosom. By farming and fishing, but chiefly the latter, did Roger contrive to support himself and one only child—his wife having long since taken up her everlasting repose in the garden of graves.

Roger had received a very moderate education in his boyhood. His parents had considered knowledge a dangerous possession, tending to make one dissatisfied with his condition, inclining young men to doubt the truth of those principles, in which they had been nurtured, and, therefore, to be eschewed by all means. Roger's father had sometimes officiated as a sort of dentist in the neighborhood, knocking out troublesome teeth with hammer and nail, or by the aid of a young sapling, bent down to receive a string around its top, and, being suddenly let go, took the tooth out in a twinkling. What if a little of the jaw went with the tooth! It mattered not to the rigid Puritan—It was the 'good old way,' and not to be lightly abandoned.

The little schoolhouse where Roger received his education, was now in ruins;—the briars and thistles wrangled and crept about the fallen walls; beds of leaves were heaped against the deserted door stone, and eternal silence had usurped the seat where noise and confusion, weeping and scolding, had mingled in promiscuous din with the strokes of the ferule and the birch. The old schoolmaster, who first exercised his harsh authority there, had passed away, many years before the time when our

scene opens. His memory had gone with him, and his name is never heard.

The spire of the little meeting house where Roger and his daughter worshipped, could be seen from the sea shore, and it was an agreeable walk to father and daughter, on a sabbath morning, when dressed in their clean, but homely attire, they silently took their way over the rocks, by the brook, and through the meadow to the little hamlet which contained the house of worship. It is true, no uncles or aunts, cousins or acquaintances, welcomed them to the village—for Roger was a stranger to nearly all of them, and desired to remain so. He liked not the flaunting silks in which the wealthier dames were dressed, nor the servile respect which their dependants paid them. If Roger returned the courteous nod of one of the villagers, it was with an air of stony dignity, that repressed familiarity; and his daughter, Elizabeth, although she sometimes cast a glance upon some comely youth who crossed her path, it was by stealth, and without the cognizance of her parent. But Elizabeth Beaman was never made for this nun-like seclusion. Her young heart was warm and generous, and the bright beam of her large hazel eyes told of a spirit both passionate and gentle. Such a being must love.—It is not in the order of nature for a young and fervent female heart to be happy without a proper companion to respond to its beatings, and reciprocate its tenderness. Elizabeth felt the solitude of her condition, but she knew not why she was unhappy; she had, in her early youth, lavished all her love on her father, and as she was all that he had on earth, he was not wholly insensible to her caresses; but as she grew older, she felt the need of a companion who could feel as she felt, who could speak as she spoke, and who could sometimes relax into a smile. Her bewitching tenderness when exhausted on her father, was like the fawn gamboling about the polar bear, or the rays of Venus dancing on an iceberg. The form of Elizabeth was rather light, and exceedingly active. Having been bred on the sea shore, she was very healthy, but not large and robust. Sooner than be idle, she had occasionally accompanied her father on his watery excursions, and she had acquired some skill in managing a boat, for which her lively and ardent temperament eminently qualified her. Humble as was the furniture of their little dwelling, Elizabeth's neatness and good taste had set it off to a greater advantage, than a careless or indolent housekeeper would have been able to give to much more costly materials. Cleanliness was an absolute virtue in the eyes of Elizabeth. It would seem that she understood the Scripture, in its most literal sense, which says, 'No unclean thing shall enter the kingdom of Heaven.' One quality, which characterised her ancestors, she seemed to possess in a good degree. Whatever difficulties opposed her, she never suffered the canker worm of despair to undermine her purposes. She possessed more resolution than could have been expected in one so young and gentle, and she was generally considered self-sufficient for any undertaking she commenced. Of Elizabeth's intellectual acquirements, we cannot say much. She had been rather dis-

couraged from reading, by her father, who very officiously acted as supervisor over every thing of a literary character which fell into her hands. He used to tell her that the books which comprised his library, all of which was contained in an old soap box in the closet, were sufficient for all purposes—that he never read any thing else, that his father never read any thing else, and if children were to set up to know more than their parents, things were come to a pretty pass. An old lady who visited the family, was once severely lectured by the fisherman, for bringing his daughter two little story books called Giant Grumbo and Tom Thumb. He told her, in a voice of authority, that ‘there never was any other giant but Goliath, and Zaccheus was the smallest person that ever lived.’ Thus was poor Elizabeth doomed to read over and over the few antiquated volumes which were not proscribed; but they were all she had to read, and she was obliged to put up with them. All of these books were of high puritanical character, and advocated the doctrine of endless misery and predestination with startling and horrific arguments, and most strained, unnatural, and revolting conclusions. Elizabeth, at first, gave implicit credence to those abominable doctrines, and, in consequence, she acquired an early distaste to religion; and shuddered at the thought of her Maker, as an angry and vindictive being who was to be propitiated by hard penance and gratuitous mortification. But as Elizabeth grew older, she became thoughtful, and weighed in her well balanced mind the sentiments of her forefathers. She had no one to assist her, no one to enlighten her mind. There was no liberal person of her acquaintance to encourage her in the pursuit of true knowledge; there was no printed herald of God’s mercy that visited her humble cottage, to bring glad tidings to her solitary heart. She grew pensive, and her father observed it. He loved his daughter, as far as he was capable of loving any thing. He inquired into the cause of her sadness, and, unaccustomed as she was to conceal any thing from him, she candidly confessed the truth. She told him of the struggles in her breast—her doubts of the doctrines taught by the minister. He reproved her very harshly for her presumption, and told her that she was in a fair way to find out whether there was or was not an eternal hell—that she was posting to the abode of the old enemy as fast as she could go, and he forbade her thinking any more on such subjects. Elizabeth drooped beneath her inexorable father’s frown, and became daily more and more unhappy.

It was while Elizabeth was thus languishing under her father’s displeasure, that a man from the village passed the fisherman’s hut, giving out that there was to be a meeting held in the evening, at the town school house, by a travelling minister. Mr. Beaman hauled his boat up on the beach, brushed the scales from his fisher’s coat, and prepared to attend. He had no doubt that now Elizabeth would hear something calculated to settle her mind into the true orthodox frame, and banish the ‘strange notions’ which she had engendered. The fisherman took his daughter under his arm, long before the twilight had commenced, and strode silent-

ly towards the village. As he approached the school house, he thought he saw something like excitement amongst the persons collected about the doors. Two men were in a high dispute, and a throng collected about them, seemed to take a lively interest in the discussion; but, as Mr. Beaman was a stranger, he had not an opportunity to discover what was going forward. On entering the school house, he saw that the benches were already nearly filled, and that expectancy sat on every countenance. The orthodox minister sat in a chair fronting the desk, and his face seemed distorted by a variety of expressions, in which that of combativeness preponderated. The strange preacher was a youth, not over twenty-two years of age, and of a remarkably interesting countenance. He soon arose, and looking round with benignity upon his audience, and without noticing the threatening stare of the other minister, commenced his sacred duties. His voice was harmony itself, and the audience were instantly hushed into silence. When he commenced his sermon, there was much uneasiness manifested by a restive old deacon, who sat near the desk, and who endeavored by hemming, coughing, and shuffling his feet on the floor, to interrupt and embarrass the speaker. But the young man was not to be put down so—he was a herald of God’s infinite love to a sinful world—he had come on his Master’s errand—he was bold in the truth—he felt that woe was to him if he preached not the only Gospel of Jesus Christ—and he had not gone thither to do the work negligently! He felt that the Ark must go forward, whatever unbidden Uzah’s might put forth their hands, when they, in their blind zeal, thought it was in danger. And well did this ambassador of glad tidings fulfil his mission, until the orthodox preacher began to feel the two-edged sword of truth insinuating itself, between him and his creed. He then rose, and very passionately denounced the young stranger as a deceiver who had come amongst them, sowing the tares of Satan, and endeavoring to create a division in the church. A brother of the preacher, who sometimes improved in public, answered him pertinently, though calmly. None but the most bigoted could have been blind to the vast difference in the spirit with which the two opponents delivered themselves. The Calvinist fumed and stormed like a man who is personally injured, and writhing under resentment against his own enemy; while the other spoke as if he thought the battle was the Lord’s, and the good of souls was his object—not his own individual advancement. The zeal of the fisherman, when he saw his pastor foiled in argument, arose to such a pitch that he left his seat for the purpose of thrusting the young man out of the house. But, unfortunately for him, some lads were collected on a ladder under which he had to pass; and, the ladder breaking before he had passed it, the whole came down upon his head, and pressed him senseless to the floor. A cry of anguish from Elizabeth, drew all eyes towards her. In an instant she was hanging in agony over the body of her prostrate father. The audience rushed to the relief of the fisherman, and the young defender of the truth was not the last to offer assistance to his un-

fortunate enemy. As Mr. Beaman revived, the Universalist caught sight of the lovely Elizabeth kneeling by the side of her parent, her dark dishevelled locks floating upon her shoulders, her lips quivering with anxiety, and her swimming eyes raised to Heaven in gratitude for her father's recovery. These, in connexion with the neat simplicity of her attire, and the grace of her motions, created a lively and tender interest in the breast of the young man. Their eyes met, and the quick blush which rushed to the cheek of the damsel told how deeply she was interested in the discourse and appearance of the stranger. Mr. Beaman was not seriously injured, and when he rose to his feet cast a frown at the young man who had come to his assistance, seized his daughter by the arm, and hurried away. During their walk home, the fisherman was unusually morose; he chid Elizabeth on the most trivial pretences, kicked the stones and sticks from his path with great violence, and walked as fast as if he was travelling for a wager.

The young Universalist was not the only individual at the meeting, who had become interested in the tender and devoted Elizabeth. The Rev. Mr. Anderson, the orthodox clergyman, was naturally a man of a good heart. His principal fault was, a fiery and misplaced zeal. When he saw Elizabeth's deep concern for the accident which had befallen her father; and when she, whom he had been accustomed to consider a mere child, now stood before him in all the ripening charms of seventeen, his heart reproached him for having so long neglected the fisherman's hut, and for not inquiring into the prospects and views of his daughter. The accident at the school house afforded him a good excuse, if any were needed, for paying Mr. Beaman a visit on the succeeding morning. When the parson arrived, the humble pair were at breakfast. He watched the grace and propriety with which Elizabeth conducted her household affairs, and was astonished at the acuteness displayed in her observations. Her father, not being in a very pleasant mood, betrayed the secret of his daughter's heretical aberrations, at which the parson expressed deep concern, but did not get angry. He said that he would send a number of books, proper for her perusal, to the hut, and begged her to call at the parsonage and see his daughters. Mr. Anderson then took his leave. In a few hours, a large bundle of books arrived, and Elizabeth was delighted to find they were not all religious ones. The parson was a well educated man, and his library was well stocked with some of the most approved specimens of elegant literature. The fisherman shook his head as Elizabeth held up the title page of volume after volume, for her father's inspection. But she had the sanction of Mr. Anderson, and he could no longer deny her the privilege of improving her mind. Many an evening did the assiduous maiden pore over those treasures of intellect, by the light of her solitary taper, long after her father was lost in slumber; and great was the benefit she derived from the exercise. She was now frequently invited to the parsonage, and many a young swain remarked that 'no young lady appeared so well, or talked so sensibly in company as

Betsey Beaman.' A year passed in this way, and our heroine had become an accomplished and well informed young woman. Her father had begun to believe that, after all, there was something good in learning, and that society did not necessarily ruin the dispositions of young people. He also imagined that she had settled down into a firm conviction of the truth of those dogmas in which she had been early instructed; but what he mistook for a removal of her doubts, was neither more nor less than a firm persuasion of the truth of Universalism; and he who had been the means, in the hands of Providence, of establishing her mind on the sure rock of hope—he whose eloquence had so suddenly and unexpectedly flashed forth upon her troubled and benighted mind, to dispel the mists of prejudice and superstition, was not forgotten. His image was engraven on her heart, and she thought of him as of some bright vision that had for once blessed her mortal eyes, and then, too glorious to last, had departed forever! She heard him occasionally spoken of by the young ladies with whom she associated, but it was only in whispers, and with a sort of shudder which plainly showed they feared his influence, although they could not deny that he was very handsome, and very polite. She learned that his name was Lewis, but, from whence he came, or whither he had gone, they were equally at a loss to tell. About this time, several young men alternately sought to gain her hand in marriage. Elizabeth was not a coquette, but she would not link her destiny with one who had not first won her regard. She was not sensible of her superiority to the persons whose society she frequented, yet, the only reason that she had never been able to find a soul congenial with her own, was, that none of them possessed the originality of thought, the soundness of judgment, and sensibility of heart which rendered her the 'observed of all observers.'

Mr. Beaman still pursued his business on the water, and remained the same rigid, fixed, and unique being as ever, excepting that he would occasionally deign to hear his daughter read.

One day, having got through with his labor, the fisherman announced to his daughter that, on the morning, he should set out on a short journey, and should be absent two days. But as the night was very stormy, and the rain fell in great quantities, he said, before he retired to rest, that it was doubtful whether he went or not. Elizabeth was deeply engaged in reading, and sat up sometime after her father had retired. She paused occasionally to listen to the shrieking of the blast which came in such furious gusts as to shake the little cabin, and even endanger its safety. The sea lashed the shore, and as it dashed its accumulated billows upon the rocky strand, the very earth seemed to tremble. She had never witnessed such a violent gale before, and her mind very naturally reverted to those who were tossed on the restless ocean, in such a night. She even half imagined that, between the pauses of the gale, she could hear cries different from the yelling winds, but upon going to the door to listen, she became satisfied that her imagination had deceived her. The black night hung dark and impenetrable on hill and rock, while the

flashing crests of the billows could be discerned, at one moment tossing high in air, and in the next, leaping to the shore with resistless fury. She closed the door, and retired to her apartment.

Elizabeth was awakened by her father, while it was yet dark to speed him on his journey, for the rain had ceased, and he was determined to set out. Her father had not been gone more than an hour before the increasing daylight enabled her to go forth to attend to some trifling out of doors work, which her father had left in her charge; but, what was her horror, in looking forth upon the sea, to behold the wreck of a vessel which had been thrown on a ledge of rocks the preceding night, and which the breakers were gradually tearing asunder, as beam after beam was cast upon the rocky shore! She now recollected the sounds which she had heard during the night, and her heart smote her for not awaking her father, at the time. She resolved to redeem what she imagined her fault, by every means now in her power. She rushed to the shore and climbing a promontory, looked towards the wreck with straining eyes, in order to discover if the furious tempest had spared the lives of any of the crew. She soon discerned a man lashed to a part of the vessel which the waves had not yet destroyed. She descended to the beach—she seized a small boat belonging to her father, and after incredible exertions succeeded in launching it. The wind had subsided, and the billows, though still very high, were comparatively smooth—yet her enterprise was attended with extreme danger. She paddled off to the wreck, and to the eager question which she put to the surviving individual respecting the fate of the crew, came the answer, in a weak voice, 'All dead but myself!' The man whom Elizabeth now received into the boat, sank exhausted upon a seat, and it was not until some minutes, that she recognized in his wan and drooping countenance, the youth whose appearance she had so much cause to remember, and who had never been absent from her thoughts, since the moment that she listened to his able vindication of the truth as it is in Jesus, in his reply to the clergyman, which overthrew all her doubts.

Her perturbation of mind now became extreme. 'Thus,' said she mentally, 'did he rescue me from a sea of tumultuous doubts, and bring me into the quiet and peaceful haven of Christ's fold!'

It is said that woman feels a more lively tenderness for those whom she has been the means of rescuing from danger or from death, than she does for such as have laid her under a similar obligation. It is a strange anomaly in human nature, if it be so, and our every day's experience seems to sanction its belief. If Elizabeth had not felt herself wholly his before, she now perceived that he was all the world to her pure and virgin heart. He had sunk into a sort of lethargy before the boat struck the beach; and the maiden had some difficulty in leading him up in safety from the breakers, which appeared to be ravenously intent upon snatching their expected prey from her protection, even after they had gained the shore. Elizabeth bore his exhausted form to the hut, and laid him upon a bed. He closed his eyes in slumber. The

maiden forced some cordial into his mouth, and attended him with the watchful vigilance of a mother. It was not until noon, that Lewis opened his eyes. He gazed wildly about him, and did not appear to know what had befallen him. At length, fixing his eyes upon the anxious countenance of Elizabeth, he started and said, 'Ah! it is you—I recollect—how I have been bewildered—I thought it was your father that was hurt, and not myself.' She perceived that his wandering imagination had conjured up the scene at the meeting house; but was not displeased to discover that he had not forgotten her features. She pressed him to take some restoratives. She had already cooked him a light repast—and it was not long before he was made to understand what had befallen him. He told her that he had sailed in a schooner for a neighboring sea port, to be present at the dedication of a Universalist chapel, but that a violent storm arising, the captain thought to put in, but missed the harbor, and was driven upon the rocks. He expressed his wish that the bodies of the sufferers might be sought for, and, when found, decently buried. He again fell into a sound sleep, and did not awake until the next morning. He was then so far recovered, as to be able to set up, and Elizabeth was once more enchanted with the sound of his eloquence. A mutual understanding soon took place between them, for love makes rapid progress under such circumstances. He confessed that he had never forgotten her since he saw her at the side of her wounded parent; she had been the angel of his dreams by night, and had haunted his imagination by day. Thus in sweet converse did this enamored pair beguile the hours until evening, when the fisherman returned. He had heard of the shipwreck before he reached home, but was not prepared to meet the young stranger at his hut. When he was made to understand that the young man had been wrecked in the vessel on the rocks, he relaxed his frown, and coldly told him he was welcome until he should be so far restored as to be able to pursue his journey. He, however, watched him narrowly, and Lewis felt that he was an intruder. Before retiring to rest, he drew his daughter aside, and asked if the young man were not the Universalist who passed that way a year ago, and delivered that flaming exhortation. Elizabeth confessed he was the person. 'I thought so,'—answered the father—'retire to your room, and see that you speak not to him while he remains under my roof, on pain of my displeasure.' Although not unexpected, yet this harsh command of her churlish father overcame Elizabeth completely, and when she had retired to her chamber, she burst into a flood of tears. She was of an age when the law allows the father no control over the inclinations of his daughter, and she keenly felt that he was not only stretching his prerogative, but also judging of matters, which lay only between her Maker and her own soul. As regarded a settlement, she expected none from him, and, indeed, the thought of property never once entered her mind. She lay awake all that night, tossing in agony on her pillow, and repeating to herself the words of Lewis, while the thought of driving him from her was a theme of madness.

With a sunken eye and pallid cheek she met her father and lover at the breakfast table in the morning. Lewis started at beholding the alteration which a few hours had made in her once blooming cheek, and instantly divined the cause. He was determined to come to a full understanding at once, and, laying down his knife, addressed himself to Mr. Beaman thus: 'I fear that my presence here has given you some uneasiness. I would not trespass on your hospitality, unless it is perfectly convenient to your daughter and yourself; but, sir, there is a tie which binds me to this humble hut, and that tie is your incomparable daughter. To speak plainly—I love Elizabeth, and she is equally attached to me.'

The fisherman was equally surprised and chagrined to hear Lewis speak out with so much candor and boldness, for he had cherished the opinion that the youth would shrink from an open confession to him, and go about to win his daughter by stealth. Without looking up, the fisherman answered, 'Well, young man, I don't understand your high flown talk, only that I see you are after my daughter, and I can tell you plainly that I would as soon follow her to the grave, as give her to a man that don't believe the Bible!'

'The Bible, sir!' cried Lewis, 'I draw all my consolation from the blessed word of God. My proofs in support of my doctrines are all drawn from that fountain of Truth.'

'I don't see how that can be,' said Beaman, 'but, at any rate, no Universalist shall ever lead my daughter astray.'

'Suppose that daughter is a Universalist herself,' said Elizabeth.

'Then I would turn her out of doors to beg or starve.'

'Starve she would not,' answered Lewis, 'for I have more than enough for her and me; and if you drive her from the hut, I can afford a shelter much more worthy of the invaluable treasure.'

'Can you, sir?' said the old man with a sneer—'I should take you for a travelling cheat, that is after my property, and has got nothing of his own, but what he stands in.'

'As you please,' replied Lewis calmly, 'but, what say you, Elizabeth, are you prepared to be turned out of doors?'

'I cannot deny that I have been a thorough Universalist, ever since I had the satisfaction of hearing your excellent reply to parson Anderson, at the school house,' said she.

Hereupon the fisherman arose from table in a towering passion, and after calling Lewis and his daughter several opprobrious names, turned them both out of doors. He, no doubt, expected that Elizabeth would sue for pardon, and promise amendment. He was, therefore, very much astonished when he saw the two lovers wend their way together over the hills, until they were lost from his view.

Elizabeth on her part, thought her father would relent and recall her, after their union. Lewis conveyed his treasure to the house of his father, in a distant town, where the nuptials were celebrated. He then wrote to the fisherman, requesting to know whether he was willing to receive him as his son-in-law.

It so happened that Mr. Anderson had called on Beaman shortly after the departure of his daughter, and when the exasperated father told the story of his wrongs to that gentleman, the latter took the side of Elizabeth. He said that he did not approve of the principles entertained by Lewis, but he had understood that the young man bore an excellent moral character, and was beloved by all his acquaintances. The parson's influence was great with Mr. Beaman, and he was accordingly prepared for Lewis's letter. He answered it in a conciliating tone, and a reconciliation took place. In his old age, the veteran fisherman was supported by his son-in-law, and nursed by the daughter whom he had abandoned. He died a good old Universalist, in the full hope of a glorious resurrection through the Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

Prior to his death, he often spoke of his old prejudices against the Universalists, and of the sincerity of his belief. He remarked, that he had great charity for all who opposed the sentiment, and its votaries, knowing that their opposition resulted from ignorance of their sentiments, and not from downright malevolence. Let all Universalists realize that such is the fact, and be more charitable in their opinions of their religious opponents.

Lewis, with his devoted bride, now live in a retired town of Massachusetts. And while she is called mother, not only by a large family of devoted children, but also by the whole neighborhood, he bears the honorable title of—'FATHER LEWIS, THE LAY PREACHER.'

ON THE DEATH OF REV. W. W. WRIGHT.

Original.

FATHER! thy will be done! But yet
We cannot stop the falling tear
That trembling drops upon the bier
Of one we loved while dwelling here,
On whom death's signet now is set.

O is it not a time to mourn,
When from the guard on Zion's towers,
In the full strength of mental powers,
With the rich graces virtue showers,
A good, a faithful one is torn?

Thine is a mighty power, O Death!
The victor's arm thou layest low,
Casts palely clouds on beauty's brow,
And the clear voice---'t was wont to flow
With wisdom's streams---thine is its breath!

No strong embattlement of graces,
Drawn from the wise, the christian plan,
To strengthen, purge the inner man,
Can shake off thine, O Death's stern ban,
Else Wright had not left our places.

But thou art gone to taste that bliss
Of which thou didst delight to speak;
As living bread to others break,
That they might of the joy partake,
That came to thee from Jesus' kiss.

Joy to the mourning ones, to dwell
On the rich goodness of thy life ;
On thy firm faith at the last strife,
That thou would rise, with pleasures rife
In Christ, o'er sin, and death, and hell.

Friends of the banner of our Lord !
As falls the warriors from our band,
Cling to its staff with firmer hand,
And in Truth's own strength sterner stand,
With the spirit's keen, mighty sword !

Forth from his tomb there comes a voice !
Speaks of the beauty of our faith,
As a sure guide in wisdom's path,
And a strong staff, and hope in death ;—
O may we in its truth rejoice, H. B*.
East Cambridge.

AN ALLEGORY.

Original.

THE sun was approaching the western horizon, and the evening clouds, tinged by his glowing beams of purple and gold, were reposing in undisturbed serenity. Wearied with the cares and perplexities of the day, I sallied forth to inhale the invigorating breeze, and forget for a season, the sordid strifes of this mammon loving world. It was a fit hour for meditation. The industrious husbandman was returning from his daily toil—the active cow boy, with many a shout, was gathering the ‘lowing herd’—the songsters in the neighboring grove, were singing their evening matins, and all surrounding nature seemed hushing to the gentle repose of night. I sat me down at the foot of an aged pine, and gave loose reins to my active thoughts.

* * * * *

This world ; this strange, strange world ! How varied its scenes of human existence, how dissonant its ‘lights and shades’ of joy and woe ! And man—mysterious being ! whose earthly existence is as a bubble upon the boundless Ocean of Time—how eagerly he pants for enjoyment, and how diversified are the measures he pursues to obtain it !—Would that I, an inexperienced youth, eagerly longing to taste the pleasures of life—could obtain some friendly hand to lead me into the way of enjoyment and happiness. Would that I—But hold, who approaches ? Ah ! a lady ; and veiled too ! But how light her step—with what grace she moves toward me ; and with what symmetry is that form moulded by the plastic hand of nature : and that robe, and those glittering ornaments, how beautiful, how dazzling ! But she speaks, and her voice is the sweetest melody.

‘Young man, I have listened to the words which have proceeded from thy mouth. I have heard thy aspirations after happiness, and have come to lead you where the desires of thy heart can be fully gratified. I am called the goddess of Pleasure, and receive the homage of vast numbers of the children of men. My abode is in yonder palace, dimly seen in the distance. Come thou with me, and thy soul shall be filled with the delights of every gratification ! Do you hesitate ? Behold the fair path which leads to my dwelling !’

The goddess placed in my hand a short tube of

glass, to assist my vision. I turned my eyes as directed, and a most enchanting scene broke upon my view. A broad avenue was spread out before me, reaching as far as sight could extend, and lighted by thousands of glowing lamps. On either side it was skirted by lofty trees, some bending under their rich burden of golden fruit, while others were covered with beautiful flowers ; which scented the air with the most delightful fragrance. Within these were ranged costly side-boards, groaning beneath the weight of their brilliant utensils ; and golden goblets bubbled with sparkling wine, and exhilarating nectar. Upon the smooth lawn were unnumbered groups of the fairest of the sons and daughters of men, arrayed in gorgeous attire, and moving gaily in the mazy dance ; and ever and anon, the sound of the flute, of the timbrel, the harp, and the viol, came floating upon delicious zephyrs, ravishing the ear with melody ! The whole scene was enrapturing ; and the veiled goddess beholding my delighted countenance, exclaimed,—

‘This, O young man, is but a prelude to those delicious pleasures, which I have in store for my captivated votaries ! Wilt thou now follow ?’ ‘Lead on, thou fair enchantress,’ I replied, ‘and let me hasten to mingle with yonder happy throng.’

As I was arising to execute this purpose, there suddenly stood before me, a man in the middle age of life. He was clothed in black ; and care, anxiety, and continual dread, had already carved deep their lines upon his melancholy countenance. In heavy, sepulchral tones, he addressed me as follows :—

‘Rash youth, heed not the allurements of yonder enticing scene—listen not to the bewitching words of the syren who stands beside you ! Her path leads to the brink of everlasting destruction, to the rayless pit of eternal death, where the hot vengeance of an incensed God, will pour in streams of wrath upon thy defenceless head forever !’

‘But how can I desist ?’ I replied ; ‘my soul pants for pleasure,—and will not the partaking of yonder sweets, fill me with satisfaction ?’

‘True,’ he exclaimed, ‘very true ; I acknowledge the temptation is great—I acknowledge the scene is delightful. I am willing to allow, that were we to mingle with yonder throng and partake of their enjoyments, we should be filled with pleasure and delight ; and I confess I have many times been near giving way to these enticements and permitting my hankering soul to drink in its fill of these delightful pleasures. But ah ! my timid heart shrinks back from encountering the danger of ceaseless woe. The fear of this awful doom is upon me as an iron fetter, chaining me to the performance of duties, which I own are distasteful, unpleasant, and unsatisfying. But it is better to endure these, than suffer agonies which know no end. And again, I warn you, young man, to flee these dangerous pleasures.’

‘Is there no way to escape this terrific doom ?’ I inquired. ‘Can I not enjoy these enrapturing delights for a season, and yet avoid this awful woe of which you have spoken ?’

This question seemed to perplex my sage adviser—and I discovered a considerable degree of hesitation in his manner, as he reluctantly replied :—

‘Why—yes—it is true, there are ways provided

for the escape of all who may think proper to avail themselves of them, before earthly existence ceases. There are numerous paths, called "paths of repentance," which lead off from the highway of pleasure and enjoyment. And if at any time previous to arriving at the brink of endless ruin, you avail yourself of any of these paths, the unending felicities of heaven, are your rich reward! But oh! if you once blindly step from this awful precipice——

'Enough!' I exclaimed; 'give me your hand—you are my friend, indeed—you have kindly revealed unto me the true secret to obtain lasting enjoyment, and I will profit by it. The pleasure before me is of sufficient value to hazard a timely repentance. I will mix in yonder happy throng of revellers—I will gaily dance over the cares and troubles of life—I will quaff the ruddy wine, and seize the luscious fruit—I will bask in the sunshine of enjoyment, and lave my thirsty soul in the delicious waters of pleasure! And when at length age creeps on, and the enjoyments of these earthly pleasures begin to pall upon my senses, I will then turn into one of these convenient paths of repentance, and thus add the ceaseless joys of heaven to the pleasures of earth! Adieu, kind instructor, for I am eager to commence this happy career.'

I had arisen, and made a step in advance, to accompany Pleasure, who yet awaited to conduct me to her festivities; when I felt a light hand upon my arm, and a sweetly thrilling voice exclaimed—'Stay, heedless youth, and listen to my word, ere you proceed.' I turned, and beheld by my side, a youthful maiden, fair as the first gentle beam that ushers in the morning light. She was arrayed in robes of spotless white; a wreath of delicate lilies encircled her brow, and her countenance beamed with innocence, purity and benevolence. As I looked, she continued—

'My name is virtue—I am the eldest born of heaven's gifts to men. In mercy was I despatched to lead mankind from the allurements and deceitful fascinations of sin, to the enjoyments of righteousness and peace. I come not to deter you from any real comfort, or to deprive you of any source of true pleasure and happiness; but I have come to unveil the real nature and character of the temptations that assail you, that I may save you from degradation and wretchedness. And this veiled goddess would fain have you believe her name is Pleasure! She has deceived you—she can lay no just claim to that appellation. Beneath that gaudy robe is but a loathsome mass of corruption, and the honied words which flow from her envenomed tongue, are steeped in the deepest falsehood and guile. Listen not to her, "for her house inclineth unto death, and her paths unto the dead,"—"the dead are with her, and her guests are in the depths of Sheol,"—her "grapes are grapes of gall, their clusters are bitter; her wine is the poison of dragons and the cruel venom of asps." Her true name is SIN! Behold her countenance.' As she spoke, with dexterous hand she lifted the veil of the recoiling goddess, and I shrunk back with chilling horror, on discovering a countenance, bloated, livid, and putrid—the eye-balls blood-shot and sunken, gleamed with rage, and the breath issuing from her nostrils was pestiferous and loathsome!

'These,' continued the maiden, 'are the real features of sin, divested of every concealing ornament. And yet her representations are equally as deceptive as her appearance. She has pretended to display the pathway in which her votaries tread, and it appeared lovely and enticing to thy view. But thy sight was enchanted by her art—throw aside that false glass, and look again with thy natural vision, strengthened by my power. What dost thou now behold?'

In compliance I turned toward the avenue. It was still there, but how changed! A lurid, sickly light gleamed over the scene. The trees were scathed, fruitless, and leafless—and that which before appeared as sparkling wine, was now human blood! Instead of the gay and happy throng which I formerly beheld, I now saw a multitude of haggard, wretched beings, clothed in tattered and filthy garments, engaged in angry disputes, in contentions and wranglings, in bloody stripes and murderous warfare—and commingled with the din which arose from the horrid melee, could be heard the groan of anguish, the scream of despair, the dreadful execration and the blasphemous anathema! Above heavily waved a sable banner on which was traced in letters of fire—'blighted hopes'—'blasted expectations'—'ruined fortunes'—'broken hearts'—'shame'—'misery'—'death!' Beneath, the earth was whitened with bleaching human bones, and venomous reptiles and hissing serpents, were battering upon the fallen carcasses! I turned away with disgust—my very soul sickened at the horrid spectacle, and I exclaimed with fervor—'O my God, ever save me from a participation in these wretched scenes.'

'Then listen to my voice,' exclaimed Virtue—'I have unveiled to you the true features of sin; and you have now beheld the miserable condition and fate of her votaries. I need not further urge you to beware of her. You desire pleasure—remember, it is never, never found in the train of sin;—the heavens are not further from earth, than is pleasure from sin. Follow me, and you shall find happiness. I will lead you into the pleasant paths of wisdom, of honesty, temperance and benevolence. Continue steadfast in these, and happiness, pleasure, contentment, peace, and all the real enjoyments of existence, are at thy disposal!'

'Fair daughter of heaven,' I replied, 'I am at thy disposal. Willingly do I listen to thy instructive counsels. Direct me in those "pleasant paths," and ever will I continue thy obedient disciple.'

As Virtue turned to depart, she cast a mild but reproving glance upon the man in black, and addressed him thus: 'Stranger, let the scenes you have just witnessed be a lesson of instruction. Learn, first, thyself, the true nature of sin, and its effects upon the transgressor, before you instruct others. Learn that sin contains the elements of its own punishment, which surely and speedily follows transgression. Teach this important truth to mankind, and it will produce a far more salutary and restraining influence on the morals of community, than the flattering doctrine of a far off terrific punishment, with numerous facilities for escape. Above all, refrain, I beseech you, from singing that 'siren song,' which has lured millions of heedless youth to destruction,

that sin is sweet and delicious, and that its votaries can easily avoid its just chastisement. Caution the children of men to avoid this 'flattering unction,' this delusive snare, that they may walk in my path, and merit my rich reward. Adieu.'

As she spoke these words, a mist came over my eyes—I started and arose from my recumbent posture. It was night. The moon rode high in the heavens, accompanied by a train of fleecy clouds—the heavy dews of evening chilled upon my brow, and the damp exhalations of the forest surrounded me. It was all a dream.

J. M. A.

CLEOPATRA.

Original.

A GENTLE breeze was on the shore,
And splendor lit the sea—
Voices came far, o'er fount and shade,
Like seraph minstrelsy;
The diamond's ray and golden light,
Glanced round the mermaid's cave,
And purpled banners threw their flush,
O'er the azure of the wave.

The deep blue sky bent all around—
Bright waters slept below—
And the mid-day sun's intensity,
Burnt on the glittering prow;
While mirth and her votaries, o'er
The dark-waved river swept—
Yet while the harp's light chord was touched,
Had Cleopatra wept!
And thus she cried: 'Stern victors bring
Unto my feet their spoil;
And Rome's proud pillar bends before
Thy prouder queen, O Nile;
Yet far their tributes I would fling,
To sleep one dreamless slumbering.

To sleep as rest the early dead,
No cankering sorrow near,
No broken hopes—no joys to thrill—
No sigh, no woe, no tear;
Nor thought of power, nor dream of bliss,
To break my slumbering loneliness.
Not gold, nor power, nor fatal sway,
Not diadem or queenly boon,
I'd ask, or magic's treasured wand,
Or empires, for my own,
Were mine oblivion's dreamy spell
Until the world I bid farewell.'

L. D. C.

Quincy, 1835.

A DISCOURSE

DELIVERED IN THE SECOND UNIVERSALIST CHURCH
IN CAMBRIDGE, ON THE DEATH OF REV. WINSLOW
WRIGHT, BY HENRY BACON, PASTOR.

Original.

'Mark the perfect man, and the upright; for the end of that man is peace.'—Ps. xxxvii. 37.

HISTORY, the seasons, and every passing event, are moralists to the contemplative mind. The world is full of preachers; but the sublimest of all is Death. His eloquence comes home to every heart; his language all can understand. And when the strong,

the gifted, and the good are smote down at our side, by the mighty arm of the universal conqueror—when those we loved, valued, and respected, are called from this stage of active existence, it is a fit time for us to pause; to reflect on how slight is the hold we have on life and its enjoyments, and that ere long the waves of the agitated sea of life may overwhelm our bark, and sink us in the dark ocean of the dead.

We pause, and look around us. How shifting is the scene. What are the great and mighty boasts of men—what are the exalted efforts of genius, art, and perseverance, but fleeting shadows, decaying things, soon extinct.

'The fashion of this world passeth away,' saith the Apostle, and every generation proclaims the same truth. Time triumphs over all outward things, from the humblest flower, to the mightiest empire. And what amid this general decay, is that proud creature, man? Alas! he whose depth of thought hath invented, and whose mighty skill and industry hath executed wonders, is, like his works, fragile and soon gone. Time, in its hurrying flight, bears him onward amid decaying things, and the loftiest powers, and most high soaring intellect, cannot arrest his speed. No. He may have the wisdom of a Marshall, and the genius of a Hemans, and the uprightness of a Wright, but they cannot avert the fatal arrow, or speed the languid blood.

'Death levels all things in his march,
Nought can resist his mighty strength,
The palace proud, triumphal arch,
Shall mete their shadows' length;
The fool, the wise, the coward and the brave,
All find at last, one home, the grave.'

Solemn thoughts steal into the mind when thus we meditate on man—when we remember how many have fallen like the tender bud, nipped by the untimely frost. And it is a time to feel solemn, when death comes into our own circle, and hastens away some therefrom; it is a time for serious meditation, and solemn reflection. We are awakened to a sense of our frailty, when we look back and think how short the time was between the day of health, and the day of death, with some with whom we were familiar; the reflection teaches us caution, and care.

There is a rich lesson taught us by the wise and good, even though dead. We then know their real worth; and often we do not know how intensely we love a friend, or how valuable he is to us, until the grave has encompassed him; and, if truly beloved, the loss of a friend is more and more felt in the lapse of time; and a voice comes from their sepulchre, and tells us that virtue and affection alone, are durable. We do not take delight, when recalling a friend, in thinking of the riches, honors, and powers that were his; but the virtuous traits in his character, are what afford us the most exquisite pleasure, and what cause us to mourn for his too soon departure.

When we obey the Psalmist, and mark 'the upright man,' we behold an object to respect and love; and if he has gone from our earth to the spirit's home, we never recall him without an involuntary emotion of admiration and respect.

The words of the text, and these reflections, were brought forcibly to my mind, when I heard of the

death of our worthy Br. Winslow W. Wright—
'Mark the perfect man, and the upright; for the end
of that man is peace;' emphatically verified in him.

We cannot feel otherwise than deeply, seriously
impressed, when we remember how short a period
has passed, since Br. Wright spake from this desk—
when, with equal health with ourself, he was engaged
in this region, in promulgating the everlasting truths
of 'the glorious Gospel of the blessed God.' He is
numbered among the sleepers of the tomb; an up-
right man, an humble christian; a sincere preacher,
and one whose life was useful, and whose end was
peaceful. Though dead, he yet speaketh, and telleth
us of the beauty of uprightness, the pleasantness of
virtue, and the blessings of religion. An abler head
must dictate to a firmer handed pen than mine, ere
his eulogy can be written, if more can be said than is
embraced in those simple, yet eloquent words,—
He was an honest man, and a sincere christian; and
truly was his end peace. The poet is right—

'He lived as mothers wish their sons to live,
He died as fathers wish their sons to die!'

He left this region in compliance with a request
from his 'first love,' in another state, where he first
labored as a workman in the vineyard of our adora-
ble master, and where he had resolved to spend the
remainder of his days. How many were his hopes—
how few were his days! How soon were the stars
of hope quenched from his sky of expectation—a
warning to us of the fallacy of human hopes. He
was permitted to preach but two sermons after his
arrival among his people; a severe cold was the her-
ald of a fatal fever; and after a somewhat lingering
illness, he fell asleep in Jesus.

It were a blessed thing to die as he died. Feeling
the spiritual presence of our better friend. With
our hold strengthening on heaven, as the bonds that
bound us to earth are unloosing—with the prospect
brightening before us, as the charms of earth are
fading away; and with our hopes of blissful immor-
tality more confident, as the hopes of earthly exist-
ence are fading away. 'Let me die the death of the
righteous, and may my last end be like his.'

He died a Christian's death—let me speak of it.
Ere the silver cord was loosed, and the bowl broken
at the well, he was asked concerning his confidence
in the doctrine he had proclaimed.

It was his companion who thus questioned him;
and who could be more anxious to know whether his
faith faded with the brilliancy of the eye, and the
coral hue of the lip, or strengthened as the body
grew weak? Feeble nature was too much exhausted
to speak freely, and while a faint smile beamed upon
his features, like that which plays upon the face of a
sleeping infant, he looked up and said—'stronger,
stronger, stronger every moment.' And a few mo-
ments before his death, he smiled, and uttered the
word 'happy.'

Let the doubter come and witness such a death,
and then, if he can, say that christian universalism
will not do to die by. O! in the dying hour, what
else can support the sinking soul! Partialism
is the very genius of agony—Atheism and Infidelity,
are horror's self—but the faith of the religion of
Christ—the belief in the universal, unchanging, un-

dying love of an all wise and an all powerful good
Being, is all sufficient, all supporting, and blissful.

Methinks at the closing hour of our brother's ex-
istence below, he must have been, as he said, 'hap-
py'—yea, happy indeed; and his wrapt soul all en-
grossed in the blissful prospect before him, could
adopt as his own, the sentiments of the well known
poet, who sang in fancy's hour the dying song of the
sincere Christian.

'Hark! they whisper! Angels say

Sister spirit, come away;

What is this absorbs me quite,

Steals my senses, shuts my sight,

Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?

Tell me my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes, it disappears;

Heaven opens to mine eyes; mine ears

With sounds seraphic ring;

Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!

O grave, where is thy victory?

O death where is thy sting?

But to return to our text. 'Mark the perfect man,
and the upright; for the end of that man is peace.'
We have this proved in the case of the before-men-
tioned brother; and all human observation will sub-
stantiate its correctness. Let us then draw some
profitable lessons therefrom.

The Psalmist in the chapter in which our text is
introduced, draws a correct portrait of the man of
integrity, and of the child of wickedness; bids us im-
itate the one, and shun the other; and asserts, that
while the man of honesty in all things, possesses
tranquillity of mind, the wicked are never at ease—
their smiles are the smiles of the syren that lures to
deeper wretchedness; their heart is sorrowful even
amid laughter, and the end of their mirth is heaviness.
And we advise all who advocate the absurd
theory that the wicked are more prosperous and hap-
py in this life, than the righteous, to read carefully
and seriously, the 37th Psalm.

The wise man bids us—'delight ourselves in the
Lord, and he will give us the desires of our hearts;' for
'a little that a righteous man hath, is better than
the riches of many wicked.'—And he gives us good
advice and caution thus: 'Rest in the Lord, and
wait patiently for him; fret not thyself because of
him who prospereth in his way; because of the man
who bringeth wicked devices to pass;' for 'their
sword shall enter into their own heart, and their bows
shall be broken.' 'I have seen the wicked in great
power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree.
Yet he passed away, and lo, he was not; yea, I
sought him, but he could not be found. Mark the
perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of
that man is peace.'

Thus we are bid to mark, to notice, to study the
upright man; and pursue the path he treads. This is
a wise course, and the most perfect, as we are forced
to cry, 'who knoweth what is good for man in this
life?' Such is the state of society, that we are con-
tinually amid contending elements, and clashing in-
terests; placed among a vast variety of characters
and dispositions, with whom our best actions are
sometimes deemed criminal, and towards whom how
we should act, we are often at a loss; such being
our situation, there is no safety save in upright con-

duct—in strict adherence to what conscience bears witness is right.

'The integrity of the upright shall guide them,' says the wise man; and integrity is the only safe guide amid the labyrinths of life, where interest, pleasure, and fame are ever ready to lure us from the path of rectitude, and lead us by slow, but sure steps, down the declivity of error and vice, into the depths of ruin.

But as we are bid to 'mark the perfect man, and behold the upright;' and copy their example who take integrity as their guide, it may be well for us, in order to strengthen our purpose, to imitate the upright, to inquire what are the benefits and advantages, which attend this course of conduct, that commends it to our notice and acceptance.

First then, our fondest desire is for security; we therefore assert that this course of procedure is the safest; but, perfect safety from all evil, we cannot expect to enjoy until we are fully released from corruption; while we are human, we shall be erring, and exposed to dangers, and be destined to tread in an uncertain path. Thus placed, integrity, unyielding moral honesty, is our best safeguard.

To the truth of this assertion, every observer of human society will attest. For who is it among the great variety of characters, that commands universal respect and confidence, but the man of sterling integrity? And who is it, that is universally despised, but he who is devoid of this upright principle? And while the man of uprightness rests secure in the consciousness of having acted the part of an honest man, the deceiver, the dishonest, the lost to integrity, is full of fear; for him there is no security; he is ready to fly when no man pursueth. A single spark may light a train that shall blow to atoms his fabric of deception, and expose him to open shame. No sort of plan that he can form, can render him safe; he treads on a brink where one step may sink him to irretrievable ruin. The honest are alone safe.

While uprightness is the most safe guide, it is also the most noble, honorable, and praiseworthy. Little will the most exalted titles dignify a man, without the accompaniment of integrity—the co-operation of uprightness. Man may perchance become elevated to a dignity which of itself commands respect, but if he be devoid of an upright, the proper principle, the name will gain no esteem—but he will be the more despised because of his high station, as his vicious propensities exert a more baneful influence on society, than were he in an humble sphere.

He may be outwardly flattered, honored, and praised; but the inner man, will pay him no respect, but shrink from him. It is uprightness of conduct that throws a lasting brilliancy over intellectual fame, worldly honors, and dignities. The want of this, has thrown clouds of infamy over some who were blessed with transcendent talents, and exalted dignities; and caused the poet of sarcasm to write of one of gigantic intellect, that he was 'the greatest, wisest, and meanest of mankind.'

'Behold the upright.' Is he not an object of universal respect, and do not his fellows look on him as a being belonging to some superior order, and pay that deference to him that the immoral, though wrap-

ped in riches and titles can never claim? Conscious of integrity, a man acts with firmness; and every one knows, what a force is added to the exertions of a public man, by the knowledge that he is a determined, honest, persevering spirit; whom flattery cannot move, suspicion taint, nor bribery purchase. He is respected and relied on, and whatever he undertakes, is expected to succeed. Like Mordecai, he moves among his people, beloved, trusted, and truly honored; and when he rises in honor it creates no wonder, for all expect him to succeed—to rise higher and higher; while the ill success of the dishonest, like Haman, is also expected, and every one silently decides, in their own thoughts, that he cannot long continue to prosper—he must, ere long, feel his own sword, and find that his arrows are broken—his bow unstrung.

The upright man is also doubtless the most peaceful and happy in his own mind. The great Giver of good has so ordained that happiness is not peculiar to certain stations alone, but depends more on the state of the mind and heart, than on the outward condition. The upright, who is guided by his integrity, has none of the tormenting doubts, fears, and stings of remorse, that possess the breast of guilt; he has none of those dread feelings that arise from fears of detection in some vicious scheme; but, firm in his own integrity, he rejoices; and if his plans succeed not, he comforts himself with the thought, that it was not because of his own indiscretions; while the child of dishonesty is galled with the remembrance that his hopes of success were destroyed by his own hands. And while he wanders forth, like Cain, thinking that every one can look upon him and read the story of his infamy, the man of uprightness is panopied in his virtues, mingles among his fellow men with steady step, open brow, and peaceful heart, saying with the Psalmist, 'What have I to fear?' 'The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want; he causeth me to lie down in green pastures, and leadeth me by the still waters.'

If we walk uprightly, deal honestly with all, our fellow men will know how to act toward us; they will never be fearful lest their confidence shall be found to be ill-placed, their trust violated, and they injured. While toward the known devoid of integrity, they know not how to act, and are fearful of confiding the least in them, lest they shall discover that they have sent their venture to sea, on a rotten plank.

The beauty of a life of integrity is seen clearly when some calamity overwhelms the upright. How ready are all to assist him; how eager to sympathize, and help repair, if possible, the disaster. But reverse the case. Charity may bid us assist the unfortunate immoral man, but all look on him as having justly merited the fate that has befallen him, and hearty sympathy cannot be given him as to the upright. To see virtue struggling against misfortune, though a sad, yet is a noble sight, and we can say with another, 'Virtue is not always exempt from the ills of fate; but it contains within itself always an energy to resist them, and often an anodyne to soothe.

There is an inward peace, and supporting power, that enables the truly virtuous to struggle on manfully amid trials and difficulties.

'Powerful virtue!

How infinite thy joys, when even thy griefs
Are pleasing!—Thou, superior to the frowns
Of fate, canst pour thy sunshine o'er the soul,
And brighten woe with rapture.'

The guilty may at times wear smiles, but it is as gleams of sunshine on a thunder cloud, a storm is nursing within; a harrowing sense of their conscious guilt pursues them even amid gay scenes, as falls their shadow on the path they tread, when the sunbeams are glaring on them; whichever way they turn, that dark shape is there. And in truth,

'Count all the advantage prosperous vice attains,
'T is but what virtue flies from, and disdains.'

Such are the traits we mark, when we behold the upright; and, says the text, 'the end of that man is peace.' Yea, what can strengthen the dying more than the remembrance of a life well spent—spent in usefulness to society, and in obedience to the strict laws of integrity and uprightness? An unshaken hope in God's goodness will support him, and memory of by-gone time will shed a grateful fragrance over his soul. And when the last sad hour shall come, and nature sinks exhausted, he will feel, if he cannot utter, 'happy.'

Let us then be wise, and 'mark the perfect man, and behold the upright;' knowing that 'he that walketh uprightly walketh surely,' the most honorable path, and the course that yieldeth the most perfect and permanent happiness. Let us walk worthy of our high calling, and learn so to 'number our days, as to apply our hearts unto wisdom.'

May our faith be increased in the all sufficient hope that sustained our departed brother; let us nourish it by oft communing with the word of God, and silent prayer, and meditation in solitude; then shall we feel it to be an ever present comforter,—

'A beacon shining o'er a stormy sea;
A cooling fountain in a weary land;
A green spot on a waste and burning sand;
A rose that o'er a ruin sheds its bloom;
A sunbeam smiling o'er the cold dark tomb.'

AMEN.

THE PERJURER.

Original.

In an obscure cottage in the town of S——, sat a youth, one stormy evening, with his face resting upon his hands, as if he feared to expose his eyes to the view of man. His frame slightly trembled. He was alone, and started at the sound of the least noise, for his mind appeared to be laboring under some dreadful apprehension. At length, starting suddenly from his chair, he smote his forehead violently with his clenched hand, and exclaimed, 'I will not—I cannot do it! The face of God seems now before my eyes; his glance penetrates the central recesses of my heart. Oh! I must not, will not defy Him!' He then threw himself prone upon the floor, and groaned aloud. When he raised his eyes, he beheld a dark object standing in the door. 'Who is there?' cried he, in tones of thrilling alarm. 'What! is it thus I find you? What a dish of skim milk you are, to play these womanish pranks! Get up, you foolish

fellow, and let us proceed to business.' By this time, the invader had seated himself. He was a tall ill-looking personage, wrapped in a dark cloak, which was now dripping with the rain. He wore a slouched hat, with a broad rim, from underneath which his dark, gloomy eyes peered forth upon the trembling youth before him.

'Upon my soul,' said he, 'you are a hopeful assistant. Do you count it nothing to put one thousand dollars in your pocket, for standing up in court, and telling a straight story. Upon my word, I consider it a large witness fee!'

'You are very liberal, I know,' returned the pale youth, 'but oh! think of what a burthen it must ever be on my conscience!'

'Conscience!' exclaimed the other, 'fools, only, have such a thing about them. Do you think that I have made my money, by dealing in consciences. I assure you the man that sells his conscience and never receives it back again, makes a better speculation than he that sells his enemy and receives pay for being deprived of a curse.'

'But do you think I shall ever get clear of these disagreeable feelings, if I venture to call my Maker to witness a falsehood!'

'I tell you,' answered the other, stamping with impatience, 'that you have only to say that you saw Mr. S—— forge the check; and I tell you that I know he did forge it—therefore you will be guilty of no lie. You will only speak the truth in a different style from that in which it is generally spoken. It is your duty to convict a guilty man by all means in your power. Words are one thing, but the truth is another.'

This shallow reasoning seemed to have some effect on the wavering youth, especially when it was backed by a promise of a thousand dollars. The deceiver then took his leave, and the next day the youth was summoned to appear before the court as a witness.

With a palpitating heart, he entered the hall of justice. The grave and dignified countenance of the venerable Judge, the number of anxious spectators, and the imposing etiquette of the court, all conspired to shake his fortitude.

He turned his eyes towards the prisoner's box. He saw, for the first time in his life, the unhappy man, whom his false testimony was about to deprive of his liberty. He was a young person, of slender form, with a pale, melancholy countenance, yet occasionally a sense of his innocence would dispel the cloud of anxiety from his brow.

The first witness called, was unable to say much towards the prisoner's conviction. He told honestly, all he knew, but that little made scarcely any impression on the Jury. Our hero was then called upon. He walked up to the stand with a firm step, for he had nerved his soul to go through with the terrible task he had to perform, without wincing. But when he had reached the stand, and turned to face the assembly, the prisoner was struck with surprise, for he had never seen the young man before, and consequently knew that he must be wholly unacquainted with him and his business. The unhappy man started on his feet, and gazed at the witness's countenance with great eagerness. This was mistaken by

the jury for a sense of guilt, and a dread of the witness's testimony. If the jury had not been so prejudiced, they must have observed the sudden paleness which overspread the face of the perjurer when the prisoner gazed so intently into his countenance. He, however, recovered himself, and gave his testimony without much faltering. The prisoner was convicted on this false evidence, and an approving glance from his employer, was the reward of the perjured youth. There was a counteracting power, however, that prevented the perjurer from feeling the self-complacency which that glance was intended to create. There was another glance given him—a glance from Him who reads the heart, and whom no subterfuge can evade. He felt that he had invoked his Creator—that he had insulted the majesty of Heaven before that large assembly. No sooner had the jury returned a verdict of Guilty against the prisoner, than the horror of his deed fell with its full force upon his tortured soul. He sprang upon his feet, and, uttering a wild cry, fled from the court room. He rushed along the streets, howling like a maniac. He shunned every one whom he met, and sought to hide his head in every nook that presented itself. He, at length, reached his home. He flew to his chamber; but, there was no secure shelter from the pangs of a perturbed conscience. The fire seemed to burn more intensely in his heart, the more he secluded himself. He was on the rack. He seemed to tread on burning marl. He flew into the street. He ran towards the woods. He buried himself in its deepest recesses; but God was there too, and there his indignation was felt, like a consuming fire. He howled, like a wild beast, in the extremity of his agony; until fearful shudderings seized his frame, and, in the anticipation of some dreadful evil, he madly rushed to a promontory which overhung the river, and took his death-plunge into the gulf below. K.

LINES ON PRESENTING AN ALBUM. TO —.

Original.

I BRING to thee no costly gem,
No pearl, or sparkling diamond bright,
To glitter as a diadem
Upon thy brow of virgin white.
No golden chain, or drooping rings,
To ornament that form of thine,
Is now the gift affection brings
An offering to fair Friendship's shrine.

I bring a casket, pure and chaste,
To keep the jewels friends bestow;
May flattery's gifts, its room ne'er waste,
Nor falsehood stain its purest snow.
May friendship guide the hand of truth,
And ev'ry offering be sincere,—
Whether bestowed by age or youth,
Let them be treasured ever dear.

And when the passing years are gone,
Of youthful joy and gaiety,
They each will be a tomb-like stone,
Whereon's engraved, 'Remember me.'
Then from mem'ry's holiest cell
Throngs of blest visions will arise,

Waked from their slumbers by the spell,
That in these offerings viewless lies.

Accept the book I dedicate,
To the spirit of love sincere!
Its unsoiled pages consecrate,
To the mem'ry of friends most dear!
May joy dwell in the owner's breast,—
Religion be her perfect guide;—
Contentment be her constant guest,
And calm and peaceful her days glide.
At last be received to the realms above
Where all are perfect in joy, and in love.
East Cambridge, 1835. B.

PHRENOLOGY.—NO. III.

Original.

It will be perceived, by the reader, that we follow Dr. Spurzheim's arrangement of the organs, and not Mr. Combe's, as some do. We adopt the former, because we regard it as being the most correct. Our own observation obliges us so to do. There is, however, no material difference. The organs, with but one exception, have the same analysis given of them by both these writers; but the numbering varies. This is a point of minor consideration, and does not affect, in the slightest degree, the truth of the science, nor its practical utility.

Our last number was concluded with a description of Destructiveness, called organ number one. The next in order is Amativeness, number two. This is said to be the origin of the attachment which is known to exist between the sexes. Like all the propensities, it is subject to many abuses. Of itself, it is productive of no harm. When cultivated to the neglect of the superior sentiments, it resolves itself into a curse, and is the cause of numerous evils.—But, associated with the moral powers, and guided by the intellectual, it will be manifested by a fondness for female society, and a lively interest in their welfare. Those who are deficient in it, or in whom the developement is feeble, will be quite ungallant, and often indulge in bitter sarcasm, on the female character.

It is situated between the two mastoid processes of the temporal bone, at the top of the neck. The laws of society do not allow us to give so full a description of this propensity, as the laws of science seem to demand. This is to be regretted, as a right understanding of it, on the part of the people generally, would be productive of much good—it would save much trouble and mortification. Those who are curious to know all there is to be learned with reference to this organ, are referred to Mr. Combe's and Dr. Spurzheim's works, in which it is treated of at length. The nature of our work will not allow us to go into the subject as thoroughly as it has been set forth by the two authors named above.

PHILOPROGENITIVENESS, number three. This is situated at the back, or the end of the head, giving it length. Look at the side of the head, and if

this be strongly marked, or fully developed, the head will have the appearance of being very long. When the developement is small, the head will appear short. If the organs above and below it are full, ascertaining the length of the head is the only way you can judge of the strength of the feeling, which this propensity creates. If it be strong, and the neighboring organs weak, it can be easily distinguished from all others, by placing the hand upon the back part of the head. A large projection can be felt.

The particular analysis of this propensity is, a love of offspring—of children. Not one's own children, barely, but of all children. It is not confined to the human species, but is possessed by the brutes in common with the human family.

To prove its existence, would be to attempt a work of supererogation; for all will admit its existence. It is well known that some mothers love their children with a doting fondness, while others are quite indifferent, and will sooner trust them to the care of menials, than be troubled with them.

Many who admit that this wonderful contrast does exist, in maternal, and also in paternal love, seem disposed to attribute it to any thing but the right cause. Why there should be such a repugnance with many to acknowledge the truth, I cannot conceive; still, such is the true state of the case. Some attribute child-love to reason—but every mother feels sensible that she does not have to exercise her reasoning powers any great length of time before maternal love springs up in her bosom. The fond mother takes her tender infant in her arms, smiles graciously upon it, without pausing to inquire whether it is right or wrong to regard it with a look of affection. As soon as she beholds her little one, affection warms her bosom, and prompts her to constant watchfulness, and unwearied care.

Others contend, that the love of children results from the intellect. But facts are against this conclusion. Observation convinces us, that some mothers of feeble minds, are powerfully exercised with Philoprogenitiveness, while others of great mental endowments, are astonishingly deficient in the feeling. And who, with his eyes open, can say that the feeling of which we speak, results from the intellect. There is no way in which the contrast, which is known to exist, can be accounted for, except on the doctrine of Phrenology—viz: Those who are strongly attached to children, have large Philoprogenitiveness, while those, who are destitute of this peculiar attachment, have a feeble developement of the organ.

It is much larger in the female, than in the male head; and no rational person will doubt the superiority of maternal love. The sacred writers noticed this truth, and employed the mother's love to represent the unbounded affection of the Father of us all, for his children.

It was the peculiar form of the female head, occasioned by a large developement of this propensity, which induced Dr. Gall to go into an examination, which resulted in the discovery of the organ. He found that monkeys, especially the females,

were dotingly fond of their young; and on examination, he discovered that the developement of their heads was according to fact. The negro-race, too, are more attached to their children than the whites, and they have a large share of this propensity.

It is this feeling, or natural inclination, which causes the mother to bear and forbear, and discover beauties in her children, when others regard them as being remarkably plain. It affects her appearance, and the tones of her voice; and places upon the countenance a peculiar expression, which is immediately recognised by children, which accounts for what all have observed, that children will approach some people with more readiness than they will others. There is a sort of secrecy about this, which children well understand. They cannot be deceived. Some may affect a love for them, in order to deceive the parents, but the little ones will see through the disguise and keep at a respectable distance.

It is known, that children are more fond of the mother, as a general thing, than of the father—and that mothers are more willing to wait and tend on them, than the fathers; both of these are occasioned by a larger share of Philoprogenitiveness on the side of the mother, than exists on the part of the father.

The effects of large love of offspring, on the mother, are thus beautifully delineated by Erving: 'There is an endearing tenderness in a mother's love to a son, that transcends all the other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity; and, if misfortune overtake him, he will be dearer to her for his misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him in spite of his disgrace; and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world unto him.'

A large portion of this is essential to a kind father, a dutiful mother—or, a good guardian, nurse, or maid. If you trust your children in the care of those who are deficient in this organ, the poor creatures are to be pitied. For, unless benevolence be large in the one who takes the charge of them, their lot will be hard. Attention to this, on the part of parents, with reference to school teachers, will save much trouble.

The young man who selects as a companion, one who dislikes children, may rest assured, that should he be fortunate, or unfortunate enough to have any, the care of them will for the most part devolve on himself. And the same remark, with the proper variation, will apply to young ladies.

As large philoprogenitiveness creates a fondness for children, its deficiency produces an aversion to them. And as it inspires a care for offspring, its deficiency predisposes to neglect and improvidence.

It has been found deficient in those guilty of infanticide. It does not follow that a man or woman must be guilty of the murder of children, because they have a feeble developement of the organ which produces the love of children; but it is perfectly

plain, that those deficient in the feeling, are more strongly predisposed to it than others.

Females, it has been stated, have more of this than males. Their heads are shaped accordingly. It gives length to the head—and the head of the female is longer in proportion to its width than the male head.

When the feeling is very strong, and the judgment feeble, it produces in the parent, a doting, foolish fondness, which is not unfrequently manifested to the injury of the child.

It was large in Whitefield, whose fondness for children, was remarkable; and is large in the Caribs, the most ferocious of the savage tribes, but who are proverbial for their attention to their young. And the reader will find it to be true, as a general thing, that people who have very long heads, are strongly interested in the welfare of children.

There have been instances of insanity in this organ; and at such times, the conversation of the patient, has turned altogether upon children. The numerous historical facts, united with the close observation of men of science and truth, prove, beyond a reasonable doubt, the existence of the propensity, and the correctness of its location.

ADHESIVENESS—is number four, according to Dr. Spurzheim. This is the organ of friendship. It inspires the feeling of devotion, or adhesion, which is often found to exist between two individuals. This differs from Amativeness, in this respect.—While the latter creates a particular love for female society, the former not unfrequently exists between two persons of the same sex; as was the case with Damon and Pythias, and David and Jonathan.

It is situated on each side of Inhabitiveness, just above the one last named; and when very active, gives a great fulness to that part of the head.

It is easily recognized in those who have it large, as, like all the other faculties, it has a natural language. It gives a disposition to embrace, to cling to—and will cause its possessor to shake hands with you in good earnest. But if feeble, the individual will clasp your hand, as though it were a thistle.

It shows itself in very young children, in their attachment to their associates and playthings. Some children manifest a peculiar fondness for, and attachment to their associates, and this undoubtedly arises from Adhesiveness.

It has a peculiar effect on the poet. It will fire his heart, and cause him to infuse the spirit of friendship into all his productions. All who have read the productions of the poet Moore, will know the nature of its influence on the imagination. If it be feeble, the writer will despise its influence, and be inclined to doubt the existence of the principle. Contrast the writings of Moore and Byron.

It is beautifully exhibited in these lines by Moore—

The heart like a tendril, accustomed to cling,
Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone,
But will cleave to the nearest, and loveliest thing
It can twine with itself, and make wholly its own.

The heart that loves truly, love never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sun flower turns to her God when he sets,
The same look that she turned when he rose.'

Some of those who admit that the propensity does exist, unwilling to attribute it to the right source, contend that it results from education, or from a correspondence between similar faculties. But it is found to be common to brutes—and this confutes the argument and reason to which I have now referred. Oxen and horses, in whom it is large, have pined and mourned when separated from those who had been their companions for a great length of time.

An instance is recorded of a male and female fox, who had been confined in the same cage. She was set at liberty, and he retained, to see what the effect would be. She brought him provisions regularly, night and morning; and at one time, brought him a fowl, when it was known, that none of that kind were kept within seven miles of his confinement.

Females have more of it than males. It was the peculiar constancy of a lady, her unexampled adherence to the same set of friends, both in prosperity and adversity, which caused Dr. Gall to make observations with regard to the feeling, and its corresponding development. He obtained a cast of the head of this lady, at her urgent request, and found, on critical examination, a fulness at the part assigned to this organ. He at once concluded, that this form of the head indicated the trait of character for which she had long been noted. All his after observations confirmed his first conclusions, and thus the matter was fairly established.

Great criminals have exhibited it in an astonishing degree. It was large in Mary Macinnes, who was hung in Europe for murder; and the circumstances attending her death were quite romantic. She had formed an acquaintance with a young man, and a mutual friendship was established between them. The night previous to her execution, she slept with a corner of a handkerchief in her mouth, on which were the initials of his name. He sent her a few days previous to her execution, half an orange, with a request, that she should eat it while on the scaffold, he promising to eat the other half on a corresponding hour the preceding day in token of their friendship. When seated on the drop, she called for the half orange. It was given her. Addressing the executioner, she said—'Tell him I love him—that I ate the orange as he desired. May God bless him. Tell him to beware of drink, bad company, and be sure never to be out late at night.' This was good advice, and is worthy of all acceptance, though it came from a profligate wretch. Such friendship is rare; but it deserved a better end.

It must be acknowledged, that the friendship of the fair sex, is much stronger than that of the other. The constancy of their love, and their unwavering attachment to the objects of their choice, through evil as well as good, places the subject beyond a reasonable dispute. And there is much truth in the remarks of Mr. Scott. Speaking of the great contrast between male and female affection, he says:

'Man boasts of his capacity for friendship, and falsely speaks of its joys as the purest of all enjoyments. But it is only in the heart of feeling, confiding, generous woman, that friendship is to be found in the fulness of perfection. Man rules over her according to the ancient threatening; but the most generous man is selfish, compared with woman.'

There is no friend like a loving and affectionate wife. Man may love, but it is always with a reserve, and with a view to his own gratification; but when a woman bestows her love, she does it with her whole heart and soul.

Perhaps this may be construed into a compliment to the ladies, by some readers; but it is no more than of right belongs to them. Justice calls loudly upon us to award to them all the praise they deserve, and common humanity will not allow me to withhold the tribute. But it is to be regretted, and I confess the existence of the evil with sorrow and shame, that my own sex are disposed to abuse the unlimited confidence reposed in them by the females; and it has been done in too many instances. But he that will do it, is not worthy the name of a man.

Dogs have the propensity large. They manifest it in their attachment to their masters. Sometimes, though cruelly treated, they remain firm until death, and then die upon their master's grave. This shows that their attachment does not result from good treatment alone. Lord Byron gives the following beautiful description of the friendship of a dog. He had one who was faithful, and when he died, he buried him, and reared a tomb to his memory, and placed the annexed inscription upon it:—

Near this spot are deposited
the remains of one who possessed Beauty
without Vanity,
Strength without Insolence,
Courage without Ferocity, and all the Virtues
of Man, without his vices.

This Praise,
which would be Unmeaning Flattery,
if inscribed over human ashes,
is but a just Tribute to the memory of
BOATSWAIN, A DOG,
who was Born at Newfoundland, May, Eighteen
Hundred and Three, and Died at Newstead
Abbey, November eighteen, Eighteen
Hundred and Eight.

When some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of wo,
And storied urns record who sleeps below.
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen—
Not what he was, but what he should have been.
But the poor dog—in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone—
Unhonored falls—unnoticed all his worth—
Denied in Heaven the soul he held on earth.
While man, vain insect! hopes to be forgiven,
And claims himself a sole, exclusive Heaven.
O man! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
Debased by slavery, or corrupt by power—
Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust,
Degraded mass of animated dust!
Thy love is lust—thy friendship all a cheat—
Thy smiles hypocrisy—thy words deceit—
Thy nature vile, ennobled but by name.
Ye, who, perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on; it honors none you wish to mourn.
To mark a friend's remains, these stones arise;
I never knew but one—and here he lies.

Byron here denounces man as being destitute of friendship. Being deficient in that excellent feature himself, and supposing others to be so too, he pronounced judgment accordingly, upon every one else,—so true it is, that we judge others as being the same that we are, and complain of them, when of right we should complain of ourselves.

Should Adhesiveness be large in the husband and wife, they will be strongly attached to each other; and should their minds be opposite in many other respects, there may be so much clashing that they cannot be content to live peaceably together, nor willing to be separated. And this is the true condition of some hundreds of our race.

This feeling can be cultivated. And those who are wise, will attend to its culture, as on its existence, depends much of the happiness of life. 'He that hath friends, must show himself friendly,' says the wise man; and common observation proves, that the better feelings need a constant care, while the propensities or passions, like briars and thorns, will grow without cultivation.

D. D. S.

OBITUARY.

Original,

DIED in Quincy, of consumption, **GEORGE GLOVER**, at the age of twenty-three years. His sickness was long and distressing. Death seemed to creep on by slow and imperceptible degrees. But during all his sickness, he manifested a perfect resignation to his condition; and being firm in the faith and hope of a happy resurrection for himself and all mankind, he parted with his parents and numerous relatives and friends, in the joyful expectation of meeting them all in the presence of our common Father and Friend.

By his demise, the fond hopes of his parents are blasted, and his associates are deprived of an exemplary companion. But more than all, one mourns his loss with more than a sister's affection, whose prospects of a happy union here below with the object of her heart's best affections, are forever cut off; the hope, however, of an indissoluble union in the regions above, binds up her wound, and in part assuages her grief. May the loss be sanctified to all.

'Sweet is the scene where virtue dies,
When sinks a righteous soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves the dying breast!

Its duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
Sweet is the scene where virtue dies.'

Ed.

ANGELS' INVITATION TO THE DYING.

Original.

Come sister to the land of love and peace,
Come to thy better home;
Where the sounds of sorrow forever cease,
Where grief can never come.

Come dear to the rest of the bright above,
Come to the holy train;
Where the air is full of breathings of love,
And joys own tuneful strain.

Come where thy brow the rosy wreath shall bind
With a bright starry crown;
Where many a dear loved one thou wilt find,
Who long from earth have flown.

Come sister, away to thy home of bliss,
Come to pure love's abode;
Come where thou wilt greet a dear Savior's kiss,
Come home, come home to God.

O look not back to the dark dreary earth,
Look up, look up to heaven;
There, there is the home of thy spirit's birth,
Dust to dust, must be given.

A Father's smile, and a Mother's deep love,
Ere long will greet thee there;
And a sister too, will meet thee above,
No more to shed the tear.

Heaven opens! Our way we joyously wing!
Victory over the tomb!
Hark! Hear the glad sweet strain our sisters sing,—
Spirit, we give thee room!

East Cambridge, 1835.

B.

OPINIONS OF COTEMPORARIES.

Original.

THAT our patrons may know in what light our brethren of the editorial corps regard our work, we give their several opinions, in the precise language in which they have expressed themselves. It is common among some sets of editors, to write to each other, and request a favorable notice of their several publications. But this custom does not exist among Universalist editors, at least to our knowledge. We have never written long or short letters to our contemporaries, requesting them to favor us with a puff. All they have said, has been a free-will offering; and we have too much confidence in their uprightness and honesty, to indulge the thought for one moment, that they have 'prepared lying words' for us. We are grateful for their courtesies, wish them success, and will do all in our power to circulate their respective journals.

The publisher of that ably-conducted periodical, the Magazine and Advocate, published at Utica, N. Y. says:

'The first number of the fourth volume of this handsome and valuable periodical has just come to hand. It appears on fine white paper, royal octavo, two and a half sheets, or forty pages to the number, neatly stitched and covered, and embellished with engravings and music. The matter is all original: and if we may judge of its future character by the number before us, which the publisher says is a fair specimen of each number, it will be an honor to the publisher and the denomination of Universalists, as well as highly interesting and valuable to the ladies, for whose perusal and benefit it is more especially designed. We discover, at the conclusion of many

of the articles, the well known initials, of some of our ablest writers, and sweetest poets and poetesses. We cheerfully recommend the Universalist and Ladies' Repository to public favor and wish it an abundant circulation and ample support.'

FROM THE NEW YORK CHRISTIAN MESSENGER. We have just received the first No. of Vol. 4, of this work. Its form is now changed to large octavo, each No. containing 40 pp. Price \$2 per annum in advance; 25 cents for every three months delay in payment.

The number before us is entirely original, and so far as we have perused it, interesting. We must be allowed, however, one objection to its appearance. The paper, we think, is not so good as it should be for a work of that class. Let this be good, even if the price is enhanced. An excellent article 'The Husband's Crown,' from the pen of S. F. Streeter, copied from this number, will be found in our present paper. We recognize, also, two interesting, poetical articles, over the well known signature of 'J. H. K.' now J. H. S. A specimen number may be seen at this office. We shall cheerfully forward the names of any who may wish to subscribe for it. P.

FROM THE UNIVERSALIST WATCHMAN. — This valuable periodical has commenced its fourth volume, at Boston, Mass. It is edited and published by Rev. Daniel D. Smith. We have received from the publisher the first No. and from its appearance, we are justified in saying that the Universalist and Repository is one of the most elegant and popular periodicals which we have ever seen from the American press.—It is embellished with engravings and music, printed on fine white paper, neatly stitched and covered.

The pure and generous principles of christianity are inculcated in the Universalist, and the most chaste and refined morals, interesting and amusing instruction, poetry, and miscellany, in the Repository. It is, indeed, a powerful advocate of our glorious doctrine, and a full repository of rich and useful information.

May Br. Smith be blessed in his laudable undertaking, and arduous labors with wisdom and grace from on high, and the friendship and patronage of a generous and enlightened public on the earth.

FROM THE RELIGIOUS INQUIRER, HARTFORD, Ct. — We have received the first No. Vol. 4, of this excellent and useful publication. The form is different from the last volume. It is now published in monthly numbers, large imperial octavo, making a volume of 480 pages. The typographical execution of the work is neat and elegant, such as cannot fail to give satisfaction to the female part of the community, for whose reading it is particularly designed. It is truly a Universalist periodical, devoted to the defence and illustration of Universalism, and the rights of females. It is well filled with original matter, that cannot fail to amuse, and at the same time instruct the reader. It is conducted as last year, by Br. D. D. Smith, of Boston, Mass. and afforded at \$2.00 per annum. It is certainly a cheap, useful, and interesting paper; and as such, we cheerfully recommend it to the favorable attention of the Universalist public.

HANSCOM.

COMPOSED FOR THE UNIVERSALIST AND LADIES' REPOSITORY,

BY REV. T. WHITTEMORE.

TENDERLY.
 Tenor.

Tenor.

Tenor.
 2d Treble.
 Come, Ho - ly Spi - rit, heavenly dove, With all thy quickening powers; Kin - dle a flame of
 Air.
 6 6 6 6 6 6
 4 4 4 4 4 4
 3 3 3 3 3 3

Come, Ho - ly Spi - rit, heavenly dove, With all thy quickening powers; Kin - dle a flame of

Air.

P. DUETT.

sacred love In these cold hearts of ours. Look, how we grovel here below, Fond of these trifling

6 5 6 4 7 #

P. DUETT.

sacred love In these cold hearts of ours. Look, how we grovel here below, Fond of these trifling

toys, Our souls can neither fly nor go, To reach e - - ter - - nal joys.

6 4 6 6 7

Cres.

toys, Our souls can neither fly nor go, To reach e - - ter - - nal joys.

toys, Our souls can neither fly nor go, To reach e - - ter - - nal joys.

SWEET, SWEET IS THE CORDIAL.

ORIGINAL WORDS BY D. J. MANDELL.

1. Sweet, sweet is the cordial which friendship dis - tils, For the heart that is stricken with

2 Dear, dear are the tokens which love leaves be - hind, When her brightness and beauty to

sor - rows and ills; But sweeter, far sweeter, that balm which flows free, For the bo - som that

death are resigned; But dearer, far dearer, than such can ee'r be, Is thy smile to the

trusteth, blest Saviour, in thee.

bosom that trusteth in thee